

Volume 7

Number 3

The Sheaf



Graduation Number

April 1919

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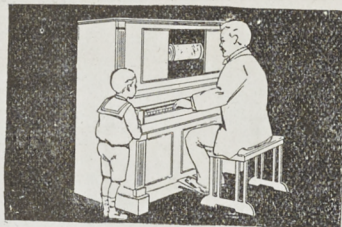
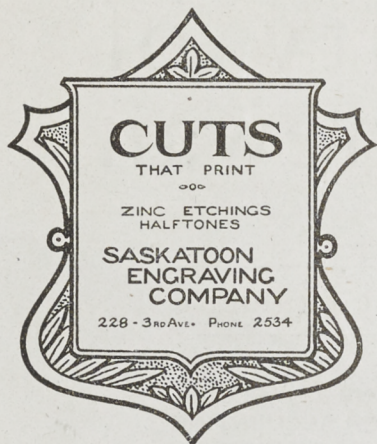
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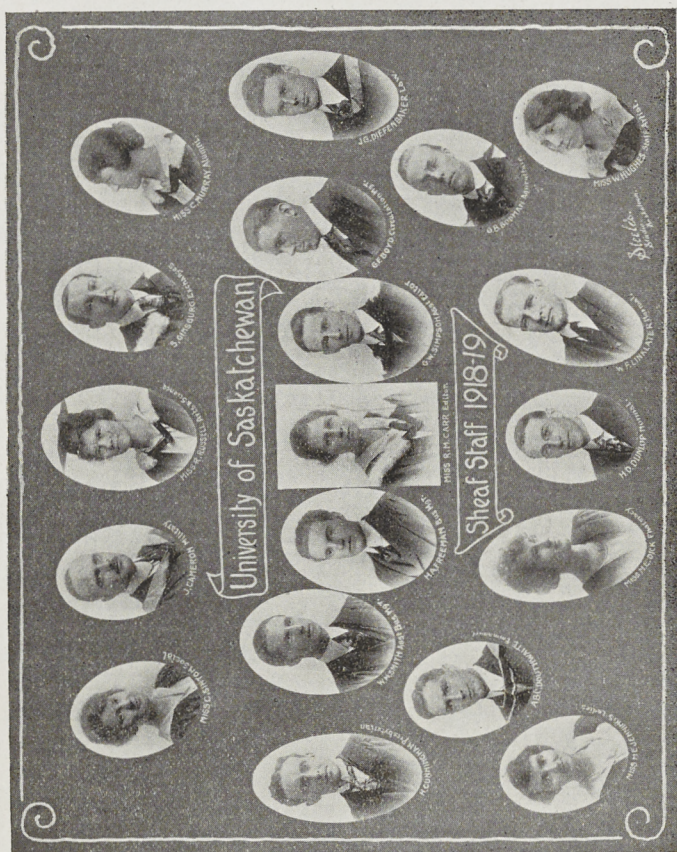
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Editorial

"Words, words, words."

ALL too soon the term is drawing to a close—a term of—

"Dire combustion and confused events

New hatched to the woeful time"—

indeed, yet one in which new blood, pulsing strong, has given fresh life and vigor to University activities of every description. We do not attempt to review the work (and play) of the past six months; that is done elsewhere in these pages. Ours it is to retire, as gracefully as possible, leaving a clear field for a new band of laborers to "knit this scattered corn into one sheaf," again, next year.

Our Aim

At the beginning of the year, we started out with the firm resolution of making the *Sheaf* primarily a *student* organ—if possible. We had grave fears as to the magnitude of that “if,” but they have been left most satisfactorily unfulfilled. Students of all Years responded nobly to our appeal, and (many of them in their own sweet time) poured in contributions of every kind. Our problem was not, “How much can we get?” but “How much can we afford to publish?” It is, indeed, gratifying to see, on looking back over the year’s work, that we have achieved one of our aims at least, and we wish to thank all those who, with article, story, poem, cartoon or joke, have contributed to the success of the *Sheaf*. We have not been able, however, to dispense entirely with the faculty. Our grateful thanks are extended to Dr. Murray, Dean Ling, Miss Bayer, Dr. Dexter, and Miss Jones, who, with advice, information and contribution, have lightened our labors considerably.

Ye Sophomores (and Freshies)

AMELANCHOLY wail from the Sophomore horn echoes dismally through our halls (see Year '21, Arts and Science Section, for page). They “can’t quite understand” our lack of appreciation, as they are sure they are “deserving of praise”—poor, little Sophomores! Let us hasten to reassure them, lest they become weary in well-doing, and retire from public life altogether.

You have, indeed, provided, most willingly and cheerfully, a great deal of the less serious matter for the *Sheaf*, Sophomores, and we go out of our way to tell you that it has been greatly appreciated—by the other Years, as well as your own. As for appreciation in a more general sense, you probably do not know what pleasure it gives us to see a class such as yours once more in the University. For four years we have watched the brightest and best of the “older Years” flock to answer the bugle call; for four years we have seen, with sinking hearts, the most prominent

and talented of our boys abandon their positions of responsibility here; to represent us "over there"; for four years we have carried on, to the best of our ability, ever looking forward to the day when the war would be over. The war is over. Few of the members of Classes '16, '17, and '18 are here to see the fulfillment of their hopes. Class '19 has demonstrated most ably what a few efficient leaders can accomplish, but their success represents an unfair proportion of outside work to each individual. We expect great things of Class '20, but they, too, will be handicapped in the same way, though in a lesser degree. You have numbers, talent and enthusiasm; you will not see your numbers depleted to fill the ranks of the army, your talent called away to serve in another cause, your enthusiasm dampened by the loss of many a former classmate. You should be able to accomplish much in the next two years. Above all it will be your privilege to establish and maintain new traditions for our young University—may they be worthy of the sacrifice made by those who, not long since, lay down the reins to uphold the older traditions of our Empire. It is for you to take their place, and, steering for the highest ideals, guide student thought and action a few steps, at least, in the right direction.

But, enough of such moralizing. It hath been said, "Words cost nothing," but, alas! it is not so when the words happen to occur in the *Sheaf*. We have said all that we can afford to say to you, Sophs (and Freshies). Are you satisfied?

Exit

Just a word to wish our successors a most prosperous, profitable year, with plenty of material, (all in on time), an abundance of half pence, and no kicks. Most sincerely do we pray that our sins of omission or commission may never be visited upon their innocent heads.

And now, having run with more or less patience the race that was set before us,

"Let us take a ceremonious leave and loving farewell."

The University and the War

By Dean Ling.

HAD the end of the colossal struggle of four and a half years come when health conditions in Canada were even approximately normal, the reaction arising from the relief afforded would have been both prompt and strong. Though tempered by deep sorrow on account of the fallen and maimed, the joy, occasioned by the certain return of the thousands of devoted men and women who had thrown themselves into the fight, and reinforced by a sense of relief that the liberties of the world had been preserved, would have found continual expression everywhere. This expression was stifled by an epidemic, unprecedented in recent times, which cast a cloud over all, and delayed attempts at adequate exhibitions of gratitude to the saviors of the country. Consequently, even yet, few steps have been taken in preparation for the fitting commemoration of glorious deeds that have been done. It is time, however, that we bestir ourselves and show to the returning ones that we are anxious to estimate justly our obligation to them. For Canadian soldiers and nurses have established throughout the world a high reputation for possessing the qualities of chivalrous fighting men, and of devoted attendants of the sick and dying. Of this reputation, our University contingent proved itself worthy by the promptness of its response, the tenacity of its efforts, the high standards of its attainment and the lofty ideals which determined these. The excellence of the services rendered by these devoted men has found recognition from the military authorities in the many honors and promotions in rank. The University should and will, without undue delay, endeavor to give expression of its gratitude to its defenders.

The extreme youth of the University itself, the absence of settled academic traditions, the lack of continuity of the courses of many students, and all the conditions which attended the initial years of the University might reasonably have been expected to weaken the efforts, to dampen the

enthusiasm and to delay the participation of the University in the struggle, even if our situation, so remote from the scene of conflict, and the unexpectedness of the conflict itself had not prevented consideration of the possibility of such a call to sacrifice. Yet, in the military fashion, when the struggle began, the University threw out her line of skirmishers, few in number but gallant, sending them with the first Canadian contingent.

Then the ranks began to fill. In October, 1914, the 28th Battalion drew from the staff as well as students and among the latter, most heavily from Emmanuel College. Thereafter, the University gave continually to the cause. The Princess Pats received a notable contingent; the Western Universities Battalion, the 196th, drew many others and Duval's Draft also took a goodly number. The mention of these battalions would, however, be misleading, were not one to add that, in addition to them, almost every branch of the service has had its recruits from our members. The hospital staffs, the Field Ambulance Corps, the Signalling Service, the Intelligence Service, the Engineers, the Y.M.C.A., and, latterly, as the need became more apparent, the Air Service, all have representatives.

Diverse as have been the branches of the military service, which received accessions from our numbers, yet these accessions have come from equally diverse branches of our university service. The teaching staff, the administrative staff, graduates of all classes, students of all faculties, and the operating staffs of the buildings and of the university farm have contributed their quotas, till the armistice silenced the call. On the available records, which are not yet complete, the total number who enlisted was 305, which number included 11 from the teaching staff and administrative staff, and, respectively, three, five, six, eight, twenty-one, thirteen, and sixteen from the seven graduating classes 1912-1918, a total of 72 out of 167 male graduates. The remaining ones were, for the most part, undergraduates, who enlisted so early in their course as not to attain graduation by virtue

of the allowance of credit for enlistment, but included also a goodly number of university employees.

The attempt to measure the losses is foredoomed to failure. Speaking in the military sense, the losses were sixty-six dead and seventy-eight wounded—though for the wounded, the record is undoubtedly incomplete; but heavy as they are when estimated this way, the full toll is not thus shown, since many others suffered illnesses which may affect their whole lives. Such a method of estimation fails to also take account of the fact that our men were picked men—men who, by their own plans for their life work, had proven themselves above the average—and who, in ordinary course, would, without doubt, have served Canada in capacities quite above the average. For a long time our country will suffer more than she knows from the inability to avail herself of the services of so many and from the diminished effectiveness of others of her picked citizens. The University, too, will suffer. For the influence of the capable alumni of a university, particularly of a young university, is indispensable in interpreting to the community in general its purposes and ideals.

Against the losses to the internal efficiency of the nation and, within the nation, of the University we must set first of all the actual achievement of the purposes of the war, an inestimable thing in itself. Moreover, no Canadian who ventures outside his own country at the present time, can fail to recognize the enhancement of Canada's prestige throughout the world, which has resulted from the achievements of the Canadian soldiers. The people of the United States, who are frequently charged with undue self-confidence, did not expect their soldiers to surpass the Canadians, and very willingly accepted Canadian officers returned from France, as instructors of their troops in training after their entry into the war. American Universities, last autumn, seeking to establish military courses, also sought for Canadian officers to do their training. If Canada has at last become a nation, the recognition of this fact throughout

the world is due mainly to her soldiers, and, therefore, in part to our own contingent.

The importance of a fitting memorial was mentioned, and this is under consideration. One aspect of the matter is forced upon the attention of anyone who is called upon to avail himself of detailed information regarding the members of the various contingents. In spite of the fact that the President of the University has been very careful to keep informed regarding the university contingents and to place the information at the service of all, very few know the details as to the services of the various individuals. The censorship, during the war, necessarily made it difficult to follow the movements of the units or to know where the individuals were. It is now possible to secure these details by appeals to the returned men, and it is important that the military history, so to speak, of each of the men should be secured. A concise statement of the facts regarding each would add very much to the personal interest in many events which, as reported during the war, appeared only to be details of the tremendous campaigns. For all of us and for our successors in the University, a knowledge of the part played by our boys in even the minor events of the war would serve to increase the recognition of the University's contribution to the solution of the world's greatest problem.

Life's Darkest Moments

Miss D—— (8 a.m.): "Is that the rising bell?"

Professor on April 10th: "Just one more essay."

Miss J—— (tutorials not forth-coming): "You may visit the Dean."

Behind the scenes, half a minute before curtain is to rise: "Can't find the moon."

Nigger Alley, 7.50 p.m., March 7th: "Hey, what's the matter with the lights?"

The Refusal—but "all is not bitterness in the lot of the lover sent away by the final inexorable No." See James' Psychology.

The University Library

THERE are few places more favorable for the study of character than the University Library, between the hours of nine and one any average day of the college year. It is erroneously conceived by many people that a library is the haunt of the book-worm and the studious only. This is, of course, quite wrong in many cases. It is true that it is used as a reading room by many, but its functions are, indeed, varied.

The whole morning through, the door swings back and forth on its hinges, creaking a gentle remonstrance, as the restless crowd troops to and fro.

They flutter in, with many excited whisperings, peck a little here and there, and straightway are gone. They slip in timidly and disappear behind a book-shelf, to be seen and heard no more. They stride in boldly, (these are the people of affairs), hold earnest consultations in various corners, and then they, also, disappear. They saunter in leisurely, blissfully unmindful of the meagre span of seventy allotted years, and even of the terrible doomsday awaiting them so soon. Then come the people who mean business, stepping firmly, with a fixed purpose in their eye, which the art of man cannot turn aside.

Look around at the various devotees. Yonder is the well-meaning, but procrastinating individual, driving away at his Latin exercise, for verily the eleventh hour has come. His face registers concern, and the stern resolution, "It shall never happen again," but, should you wish to see him tomorrow, seek him right here.

At his elbow, that adorable person, who wastes his own and everyone else's time, is vainly trying to win his friend's attention from the cherished Latin. His spell for the hour is broken. He leaves him, and seeks less industrious and more congenial company. Thus, he goes on, neither toiling nor spinning, yet always coming in with the rest on the home stretch.

In remote corners, here and there, you will find the tutorialists. I mention this class because they have certain distinguished characteristics. They are the people who undertake things rashly. They do not look before they leap. You will know them by the many ponderous volumes strewn around them, and the wild distraction on their faces. Great beads of sweat roll from their troubled brows, as they wallow 'fifteen tutorials beneath the surface.' At intervals they gnaw their pens viciously, and, for a space, their eyes wander from the historic page to the wide, free prairies beyond the library windows.

There is a group of seekers after truth—those who steadfastly persist in considering the Library a place for serious study. They go about their work earnestly and systematically, ignoring the bustle and unrest around them; a thorough-going class, who believe in a firm and broad foundation, on which to build a 'stately mansion.'

It is, doubtless, for the benefit of such, and that learning may be spread amongst us, that libraries were first instituted. In the present instance, as we have seen, the original purpose has become slightly obscured; but, for all that, the University Library is a delightful spot to drift into at any time. One is always sure of some sort of diversion, for, lacking excitement or amusement, there still remains the alternative of doing a little real work against the dread day of reckoning.—*S.J.N.*, '21.

Prof. Sharrard: "Miss Manson, can you tell us what is a vacuum?"

"Oh, I know what it is; I have it in my head, but I can't express it."

Miss Z—— (in French Class): "I can't express my thoughts."

Instructor: "How would it do to send them by freight?"

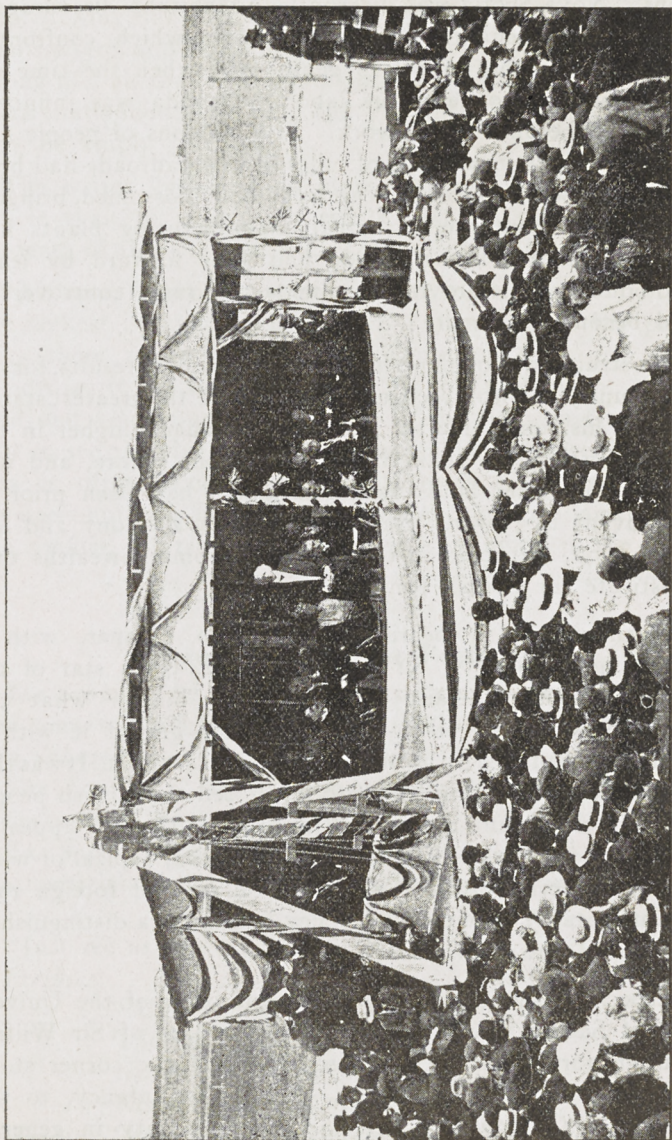
Sir Wilfred Laurier

ON the seventeenth day of February last, Canada's greatest son passed away, stricken amid the manifold duties that were his as leader of the Opposition. Sir Wilfrid Laurier died in harness—the representative to the very end of the people in whose service he had spent almost fifty years of his life.

When unworthy prejudice and misunderstanding shall have ceased to cloud the reason or obstruct the natural impulses of the heart, there is not a single Canadian of whatsoever race or creed, whether claiming Canada as his native land or the land of his adoption, who will not feel that in the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he has lost a friend. His love for Canada and Canadians was so transparently and convincingly sincere that it begot in the hearts of all a reciprocal love for the great statesman who gave unsparingly of his work and life to the service of all. That he was not more infallible than many other political leaders, emphasizes his humanity. He has been the object of as virulent abuse as that meted out to Gladstone; but, like that great statesman's, Laurier's name will go down in History with even political rancor failing to attach a single stain to the personal integrity of his public or private life.

Entering Parliament as a Liberal, when Quebec was intensely Conservative in politics, Sir Wilfrid, as a young man, gave the most signal evidence of those qualities which characterized his whole public life. Courage and persistence and fidelity to conviction were imperatively necessary, if he were to breast the tide of opinion in his native province which regarded Liberalism in politics as a species of apostacy from the Faith. Slowly, the political principles which young Laurier championed, made their way in Quebec, but it was not until he had passed the meridian of life—1896—that his native province went overwhelmingly in his favor.

Sir Wilfrid came into power when Canada was on the verge of dissolution. To many, Confederation seemed a fail-



Sir Wilfrid Laurier Laying Corner Stone of University of Saskatchewan, July 29th, 1910

ure; the country was torn with racial and religious dissensions. Nova Scotia was disgruntled; Manitoba discouraged; and Quebec defiant. To the problems which confronted him, he gave the impact of genius and when the time arrived for him to cease his labors, Canada was infinitely better off because of his work. Five millions of people had grown to eight; thousands of miles of new railroads had been built; the wheat fields of the west had blossomed, bringing wealth and contentment; great manufacturing plants had been developed; foreign trade had gone forward by leaps and bounds, while provincial, religious and racial controversies had become less acute.

He struggled, though perhaps with incomplete results, for national unity and won recognition as one of the greatest statesmen of his time. He set the star of Canada higher in the world's estimation than it had ever shone before, and was honored in other lands as no Canadian had been prior to his advent to power. He found Canada a colony and left it a nation, respected in the galaxy of Commonwealths that constitute the British Empire.

Distinguished in bearing, polished in manner, with a charming personality, Sir Wilfrid was always a star of the first magnitude in any assembly. No matter what the occasion, Canada's silver-tongued orator graced it with a distinction equalled by no other Canadian statesman. It was this princeliness of bearing which so impressed the British people when he first went to Great Britain in 1897. He appealed to England as an essentially romantic figure, typical of what British imperial prestige stood for—a man of foreign race whom Britain's wise colonial policy had made a distinguished servant of the crown.

Especially significant to the student body of the University of Saskatchewan is the life and works of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for it was he who, in 1910, laid the corner stone and dedicated this institution, then in its infancy, to the service of Canada in particular and humanity in general. Speaking on that occasion, he said, "Universities can only

justify their existence when they result in a superior citizenship." May one and all be inspired by the deceased statesman's words and strive to emulate him who typified, during a long life, all that was noblest in the public life of our Canadian nationhood, so that the existence of our University may be amply justified.

The writer knows of no more fitting conclusion for this article than to repeat the late Chieftan's message to the students of the University of Toronto in 1913:

"My young friends, go out into the world to serve. Make the highest thoughts of service your inspiration. Big problems there are—big problems. Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, it will be your turn to grapple with them. Serve God and your country. Be firm in the right as God gives you to see the right. You may not always succeed. Progress is often punctuated with reverses. You may meet reverse—but the following day stand up again and renew the conflict, for truth and justice shall triumph in the end."

—E. Hall '19

Thoughts from the Poets

The Seniors: "I am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery (?) plains of honour and reputation."
Ben Johnson.

The Juniors: "The aspiring heads of future things."
Wordsworth.

The Sophs: "Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."

—Bacon

"Just see *us*, for example."

Freshies:

"Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond today."—Gray.

Agros: "Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure waste."

—Browning.

Carrying On

THE fight was done. Thank God! We would soon be free from it all.

Five long days had passed in the line; five days of blood and fury; five days of merciless cruelty, days of hunger and thirst, days at the brink of death, days of ceaseless strain and nights of ceaseless watch. Where was our relief? Would it ever come? We waited long. Another five days passed. My God! Were we ever to leave alive? Our stomachs craved for decent food; dry, hard biscuit and hunks of tasteless beef were becoming loathsome to us. Our throats were slackened for want of cooling water. The sun blazed down mercilessly; death lurked near; and still we waited, still we carried on.

And now, on the twelfth day, relief had come, and we were leaving for rest—was it ever so blessed! We staggered along through unending trenches, more dead than alive—like overworked horses. Nor were we much better than dumb animals, it seemed; no better than so many cattle. At last we were on the road and herded into fours. The long, long journey began.

Ten miles to rest and food! How could we make it? Hungry, weak, filthy, and tired beyond speech, we staggered on: we dared not stop. We hung, by the small thread of the law of inertia, to a hope, a faint hope—would we reach the goal?

Our nerves at a needle point! Our blistered feet! Our dirt and stench! Our aching backs!—No! The game was not worth it. We could go no further.

The whole column began to waver as two or three men sank, exhausted, to earth; then, almost insensibly, we found ourselves prostrate on the roadway. We did not move. We did not speak, but lay, as dead men, where we fell. Our brains alone were living, dully and numbly conscious of feeling utterly God-forsaken—"No one cared; our friends

at home, our parents, our sweethearts; no, no one cared! Even God Himself had forgotten us." The rain poured down, chilling us to the bone, but we cared not. Nothing mattered now.

Suddenly, through the softness of the rain, burst a sound that thrilled us: somewhere in the distance a tune was being played which brought back our souls, and awakened life in our weakened bodies. From a distant Y.M.C.A. hut came the swelling chorus of that dear song,

"Oh, Canada, We Stand on Guard for Thee."

There was not a dry eye in that mass of men, as, with one accord, we rose to our feet. The song died away. The column moved onwards.—*G. A. Bate, '21.*

Love is like the measles: we all have to go through it."—*Jerome K. Jerome.*

"Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer."—*C. C. Cotton.*

"He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."—*Ecclesiastes.*

So why worry about two or three stars?

Emmanuel Prof. (during discussion on the advisability of advertising sermons, using "catchy" texts, etc.): "Now, have any of you any suggestions to make on the matter?"

Mr. N—h: "Well, I once heard of a sermon, advertised beforehand, preached on the text, "Catch it by the tail," and the people just flocked to hear it."

A University Dinner

Shakespearean Style

"I AM famished." (Merchant of Venice.)

"Wouldst eat a crocodile?" (Hamlet.)

"Not yet." (Hamlet.)

"We will eat our meal (Macbeth); the bell invites me" (Macbeth).

"Well, I will thither (Macbeth). Come let's go together" (Hamlet).

"I am satisfied (Hamlet). Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look" (Julius Caesar).

"He does." (Macbeth)

"The table's full (Macbeth). Pray, sit down between these ladies (Henry VIII.) at the lower end of the hall (Macbeth)—(aside)—I did hear him groan (Macbeth). Screw your courage to the sticking point (Macbeth). They are a sweet society of fair ones" (Henry VIII.).

"I think not of them (Macbeth). Who comes here?" (Macbeth).

"This is the sarjeant (Macbeth). Are we all met?" (Midsummer Night's Dream).

"Who, in all this presence, speaks your grace?" (Macbeth).

Then one cried, 'God bless us,' and 'Amen,' the others (Macbeth).

"Well, sit we down (Hamlet). But who comes here?" (Macbeth.)

"A farmer" (Macbeth).

"Since you came too late (Macbeth), pray serve us" (Winter's Tale)

"The soup is tasty (Merry Wives). Have such a bowl" (Henry VIII.).

"How tastes it?" (Henry VIII.).

"It lacks salt." (Tempest).

"Well, sir, what follows?" (Henry VIII.).

"A hoggel" (Taming of the Shrew).

"What's this mutton?" (Taming of the Shrew).

"A very fresh fish." (Henry VIII.)

"A man loves meat in his youth." (Julius Caesar).

"What think you of our carver's excellence?" (Winter's Tale).

"I durst not laugh" (Julius Caesar).

"He could gnaw a crust" (Macbeth).

"Wilt please you pass along" (Macbeth).

"Never passe"

"See, he gnaws" (Macbeth).

"Some water here" (Taming of the Shrew).

"Stay, you that bears the course, and set it down" (Macbeth).

"Why strewst thou sugar?" (Macbeth).

"It spills itself (Hamlet). It touches you?" (Macbeth).

"Peace, good friends (Henry V.); but remember this another day (Macbeth), use not thy knife (Merchant of Venice). Fear ye not to cut the throat?" (Richard III.)

"My desert" (Macbeth).

"Chew upon this" (Julius Caesar).

"What is it?" (Winter's Tale).

"Pudding it is" (Winter's Tale).

"What! Has this thing appeared again?" (Hamlet).

"'Tis here, 'tis here (Hamlet)—a dish fit for the Gods (Hamlet). O, proper stuff!" (Macbeth).

"It is too weighty" (Macbeth).

"This rudeness is a sauce (Julius Caesar). 'Tis sweet and commendable" (Hamlet).

"Things, sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour" (Macbeth).

"Wilt please you pass along" (Macbeth).

"I humbly thank you (Hamlet). To feed were best at home." (Macbeth).

"It is nobler in the mind to suffer" (Hamlet).

"We will keep ourselves till supper time" (Macbeth).

"See, the man would speak!" (Merry Wives).

"Lend me your ears (Julius Caesar). Lend favorable ears to our requests" (Macbeth).

"He so announces (Henry VI.). Seldom he smiles (Julius

Caesar). I did mark how he did shake" (Julius Caesar).

"I shall remember" (Julius Caesar).

"Is execution done?" (Macbeth).

"Never make known what you have seen" (Hamlet).

The meal is done (Henry IV.).

Sir O. Sweet William's Advice to the Innocent

Dear Innocents:

When the Editor-in-chief approached us with the view of securing us to conduct this department, we must confess that we were somewhat doubtful as to demand in the University for our advice, but the numerous letters received, with their heart-rending requests for advice, testify to the real need which we are fulfilling.

Your fatherly,

O. Sweet William.

Dear O. Sweet William:

I am a very bashful freshman. I proposed to a girl over the phone, No. 2475, and was accepted. I have since discovered that her room mate answered the phone. Can I be sued for breach of promise if I break this engagement?

Yours anxiously,

I. Ma. Knutt.

I. Ma. Knutt.—I was most pleased to receive your communication, as my dearest delight lies in the protection of the very young and innocent. My dear young man, do you not know that it is hopeless to sue, without very definite evidence as to the guilt on the offender? I may safely presume that there were no witnesses present, therefore I advise you to break off the unwelcome engagement with all speed—over the phone. (There's a reason).

O. S. W.

Dear O. S. W.—

I am a very handsome and popular member of class '20, and live in Qu'Appelle Hall. I have admired a girl for some time. She lives fifteen minutes walk from the end of the Mayfair car line. Last week, after I had taken her home from a function by the last car, I tried to kiss her on the verandah. She objected and has since been very cool. I cannot understand this, as I am a Junior. If I had been a Soph. it would have been different. Please advise,

Nux Vomica.

N. V.—We have carefully gone into the matter, and feel inclined to hint that, as you are so very handsome and popular, and a junior to boot, it might be more convenient to transfer your affections to a spot nearer home, Saskatchewan Hall, for instance. But if you are really hard hit, we beg to inform you that it is usually considered good etiquette to kiss a girl on the lips. Try this next time, and see if it does not work better.

O. S. W.

Dear O. S. W.—

I am a serious-minded girl, twenty years of age, and have a glowing affection for a young man, a student in the U. of S. It has come to my ears that he persists in sleeping during lectures, sometimes even snoring. I am considering breaking all connections between us as he is evidently worthless and inclined to neglect serious matters. I fear the future and need some of your advice,

Cerise.

Cerise.—We have never given such advice as you request, but we have something much better. You need have no dread of the future. Once you have the young man installed about the house, he will not give any trouble by sleeping during lecturing, at least as long as your affections are glowing. No well-trained husband ever sleeps during a matrimonial history lecture—it simply isn't done, Cerise.

O. S. W.

Dear O. S. W.—

We appeal to you as men students of year twenty-one of the famous College of Arts and Science for your all-wise counsel in a matter of heart-felt tribulation.

Nearly all of us during the past term have on many, many, occasions had the privilege of frequenting the society of the most charming and beautiful young ladies of the aforementioned year.

The dread day of examinations approaches, after which we must sever. Now, dear O. S. W., we humbly beg your advice as to our conduct in the future.

As you know, the young ladies in twenty-one are of a sweet and loving disposition, surpassed by none; of beauty and charm beyond compare and of worldly wisdom far exceeding their years.

Now, dear O. S. W., do you think we should leave all to the chance of them returning next year without uttering one small word of ————— (Oh, you know what I mean, Ossie old boy!)

You understand that during our separation, our affinity might easily be “superimposed upon”—(as a certain professor is fain to say) by others, who, being bolder in nature might easily, with one fell swoop, defeat our fondest dreams;

Should, oh should we say the fatal word?

Oh, should we take the fatal step?

The Boys of '21. (and certain in particular.)

Boys of '21: certain in *Particular*.—We would advise you to let the heart speak immediately, if not sooner, but we can see only disappointment for you in the answers you are likely to receive. We have analyzed the statement “the young ladies . . . and of worldly wisdom far exceeding their years” (hence very wise) and cannot reconcile these qualities with any desire to make a contract to be guardians, nurses, or keepers of such innocents as you evidently are—hence we cannot say the future results will be in line with your wishes. However, “faint heart never won a good biscuit sculptor.” Lose no time as your case is desperate.

O. S. W.

N.B.—Oswaldi; please!

Arts and Science Graduates

Victor W. Alford



Iroquois, nestling on the banks of the St. Lawrence, is one of the prettiest villages in Eastern Ontario, and just a few months before the dawning of the twentieth century, "Vic" opened his eyes upon Iroquois scenery. In 1912, before "Vic" had time to learn half the mischief of the village street, his parents accompanied him to Saskatoon. Here he entered the Collegiate Institute and passed through, by gentle graduations, to Senior Matriculation—Algebra and Latin to the contrary, not-

withstanding. In the fall of 1916, he entered his Sophomore year at Saskatchewan. Hitherto life had been fairly bright and initiation was the first event which threw a cold blanket over his prospects. He survived this only to run up against Philosophy I. Alongside of philosophy, law classes were a recreation, and economics a glorious feast of facts and flow of figures. Thus, with incidental troubles, "Vic," thanks to the gods and his own industry, reached the year '19 safely, which marks his exit from the College of Arts and his entrance into the domain of law. For equipment, "Vic" takes with him a fair knowledge of torts and international law, and enough economics to save Russia. In addition to such mental stock, we must include a sunny, modest, and cheerful disposition. While we would have desired that "Vic" had taken a greater part in college activities, he leaves with the best wishes of his Class.

Pet Aversion—A "jane."

Recreation—Solitaire on the piano.

Ernest L. Anderson

"He only is a well-made man who has a good determination."

—Emerson

Ernest Anderson began his career on a farm in the Hawk-Eye State, where he attended district school and obtained his earlier education. As he grew older he realized his training was insufficient to cope with the world, so he spent four years in high school. Being fond of travel and with something of the adventurous in his make-up, he set out to see the last Great West, and arrived in Saskatchewan. The contrast between the invigorating climate of his new environment and the heat of the sun



in the cornfields, and the long sultry nights of Iowa caused him to stay here. The fascination of the prairie land held him on a homestead in the Swift Current district for three years. Realizing that some theoretical knowledge is an asset to practical experience, he came to the University and entered his Freshman year. During his vacation, he has been busily engaged in administering the rudiments of English to little Europeans. During his course he has laid emphasis upon Biology, having in view the profession of Dentistry (you'd never think to see Ernie that he could entertain such a cruel intention).

Anderson's quiet disposition and unassuming manner have made him a universal favorite.

Lulu M. Barr

"She came to sow seeds of sunshine."



Lulu's early life was spent in that delightful part of Ontario known as the "Garden of Canada." After receiving her public school education in the charming little rural school of Vinemount, she entered Grimsby High School, where she obtained her second-class certificate. In 1911 she forsook the beautiful gardens, orchards, and vineyards of Wentworth County for that almost indefinable charm of Saskatchewan, and the next year found her enrolled at the Saskatoon Normal School.

Two years later she sought to further satisfy her desire for knowledge by entering the "U. of S." as a Freshette. Her university career throughout has been characterized by the cheerfulness and good-will with which she entered into all college activities, and her keen interest in athletics, especially basketball. Unfortunately, her course was interrupted, but she returned in '17 to cast her lot with Year '19 and to establish more firmly her reputation of the two former years.

In addition to her busy life at the "U," Lulu attended several of the Normal classes, and was able to write the examinations for First Class Normal in February.

Lulu intends taking up foreign mission-work, and her many friends here at the "U," feel assured that success is bound to follow one endowed with such capability, perseverance and optimism.

Ambition—To sing in the common room every Sunday afternoon and evening.

Beulah Ferne Bannerman Bridgeman

*"She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter."*

Not so very many years ago, Beulah was born in the pretty town of Lakefield, Ontario, and since that April morning she has been busy brightening (or tormenting) the lives of those around her.

Her public school days were spent entirely in Ontario at Poplar Hill, Cheltenham, and Hespeler. Frequent moves, however, could not hold her back, for, at the age of twelve, she entered Galt Collegiate. For one year only, however, can Galt claim her, and then to Saskatoon she came and stayed, taking her Junior matriculation in the Collegiate here, and entering University as an enthusiastic "Freshie" in the fall of 1915.

Although she has done well in those subjects which she has chosen, yet it is rather her well-known characteristic of being a "good sport" which has won popularity for her during her course. She has always been "there," whether it be on a committee to consult the Faculty, or stealing the "Freshies' eats." Particularly in the realm of basketball and hockey has Beulah done much to uphold the reputation of the University. Fair play and good sportsmanship have ever been her mottos and have won for her a high place in the estimation of her fellow students.

Whatever the future may hold for her, and it has every prospect of being the brightest, we know that she goes out from our halls with the true University spirit, which cannot but make itself felt in whatever line of work she may pursue.



Muriel A. Buttery

*"She should never have looked at me,
If she meant I should not love her."*



Muriel comes to us from the sunny South. She was born at Lake Charles, Louisiana, spent her early years in North Dakota, where she received her public school education, and finding the northern atmosphere invigorating, moved with her parents still further north into Saskatchewan, and made her home at Herbert. She obtained her high school training in Swift Current, and from there came to Varsity, armed with a scholarship and a mind open and ready to receive.

She has followed the fortunes of '19 through its four years of work and play, adding much to its social activities by her exceptionally happy disposition, and generously giving her time and enthusiastic energy to making a success of everything undertaken. Her executive abilities and her readiness to help out in any way, have made her valuable in every branch of the University life—the Dramatic Society particularly, having benefitted by her active support.

Much might be said of her large fund of sympathy, and of the many endearing personal qualities which have made her a general favorite everywhere, but these are too well known to need enumerating.

She protests that her future is to be spent "teaching the young idea how to grow," but her proficiency in managing refreshment committees, and her eagerness to excel in the household science class hint at domestic ambitions.

Helen Mary English

*"Not vainly questioning why she was sent
Into this restless world of toil and strife,
Let her go bravely on her way, content
To make the best of life."*

On a certain bright, New Year's Day, Helen was born in Hitchin, away over in Merrie England, though not in time sufficiently remote to have cast a deciding vote in the last municipal elections.

When Helen attained the noble age of five, the family removed to Canada, and since then they have lived the usual changeful life of a clergyman's family on the prairies of western Saskatchewan.

After a Collegiate course in Battleford where she obtained a scholarship, and a Normal training here, Helen entered college in her Sophomore year.



Since then she has won the reputation of being a good sport and a most industrious worker. One needs only to hear her talk basketball or see her superintending a committee to be convinced that the reputation is well earned. As President of the Y.W.C.A., she deserves all praise for the enthusiasm and efficiency with which she fills her office.

Helen has chosen to teach the young ideas of the rural parts, in which profession her capable energies will, doubtless, bring success. Above all her kindness and sympathy will always, we are sure, secure for her a host of friends and well-wishers.

Favorite Occupation—Reading "Jeff—and Mutt."

Simeon Ginsberg

"I was vowed to Liberty."—Pauline



On the 1st of January, 1890, observers in Lipniky, Russia, tell us that the stars stood still in their courses. Lo and behold! it was a baby boy, and they there-upon named him Simeon. Later, the child was sent to a private school, for the Russian schools were closed to the persecuted children of ancient Israel. Here his time was divided between Jewish literature and affairs of the heart.

After this training, Simeon became a tutor, and continued until 1912, when he set sail to obtain, in the West, the higher learning denied him in Russia. For two years he studied English, History and Education, at Columbia University, and then travelled West, where he made his greatest discovery—Saskatoon, and the University, and for the past year has feasted on English and History with great gusto.

His literary attainments speak for themselves. For two years he taught the Bible in the Teachers' Institute of the Hebrew Theological Seminary at New York. He has been on the editorial staff of the *Hatoren*, a Hebrew monthly, and of the *Hebrew Almanac*. He has also translated English verse into Hebrew, with great success. In Saskatoon, he is taking a prominent place among his people, as principal (under his wife's supervision) of the Hebrew school. We wish him good luck and every success in his future work as teacher and writer in Israel.

Prevailing Thought—"And much study is a weariness of the flesh." (Eccl. 12-12.)

Edith Maud Hartt

"O wise young judge, how I do honour thee."

Edith Maud Hartt was born at Fredericton Junction, N.B., in that valley of the Oromocto which, for beauty and fertility, has no rival. Here were spent her public and high school days, but that indefinite something—the lure of the West, caught her in its meshes, and in the fall of 1916, she entered the "S'katchewan Varsity."

Edith's strength of character and unusual energy have given her a first place in all University activities. No student of Class '19 has contributed more to University life as a whole. In her Junior year, she was elected Vice-President of her Class, and in her Senior year, as well as ably filling the position of Secretary of the S.R.C., she has loyally served on the executive of the Y.W.C.A., the Literary Society, and Class '19.

Besides the various associations to which Edith has so generously given her time, she has been first and foremost in the field of athletics. She is an excellent swimmer, a keen hockey and tennis enthusiast, and for two years has been captain of the University Basketball team.

Though Edith's work as a student has been no less efficient than her work on various University activities, we will remember her always as one who was ever ready to put her whole spirit into whatever contributed to a true University life.

Favorite Saying—"I don't agree with you."

Chief Despair—Spaulding's Basketball rules.



Bessie M. Lakken

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."*



It was not, as her name might imply, among the lovely pine woods and fjords of Norway that Beret Marie Lakken first saw the light, but in an ordinary American town—Rice Lake, Wisconsin. However, while the Stars and Stripes watched over her public school career, the Union Jack floated above Yorkton Collegiate where her Canadian education began. Senior matriculation, with a scholarship from Regina College, where her spare time was devoted to music, was only another step, and in 1917

Bessie was enrolled as a member of the Sophomore class in the U. of S. itself.

From her Viking ancestors she has inherited the strength of purpose and enjoyment of difficult enterprises which have served her in good stead in her course in Science and Mathematics. Those who know her best, place implicit faith in her quiet strength, and resourcefulness—her unobtrusive helpfulness and all-round practical ability to cope with the problems of life, and are in the habit of consulting her on everything from the making of a pie and identifying of a baffling specimen, to the treatment of measles and the running of a farm.

We know that she does not regard a B.A. degree as the end of education, and her plans and ambitions for the future are as wide in scope and as useful in purpose as they are sure to be successful.

Iona D. Lawless

"She's pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on."

'Twas the night before Xmas when Iona first made her appearance in the world, endowed with all the good cheer and happiness which Xmas eve always brings. She came to us from Ontario in 1907, bringing with her a goodly share of that heritage which assured for her a hearty welcome in our midst.

Prince Albert was chosen as her prairie home, and here she completed her public and high school education. In 1915 she entered the Saskatoon Normal School, but being more interested in Arts than Pedagogy, she soon abandoned her teaching career, and joined '19 as a Sophomore.

Almost immediately everyone knew and loved Iona. Her musical ability, her love of fun, and willingness to do anything just to help out a bit, whether that anything be playing a game of hockey, attending a committee meeting, or serving refreshments, have made her a general, as well as a particular favorite. Her executive ability was early recognised by the number of offices she held in her Junior and Senior years.

Just what particular line of work, she intends to follow in the future we do not know, but we have heard her mention a certain partiality towards banking—"How pleasant it is to have money, Heigho"—even if it be not your own.

Ambition—"To sleep till the cows come home."

Welcome—"Sit down, and make yourself to our house."

Only Failing—Laughing at her own jokes.



Ray Donald McKenzie

"This fellow's of exceeding honesty."



"R.D." was born on the 12th of May, 1899, at Boulardarie Centre, on the Island of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. When he was five years old, his parents caught the western fever, and migrated from the "blue-nose" country to Saskatchewan, becoming pioneer settlers in Hanley district. Here he received his public and high school education, and, as a side line, absorbed a knowledge of rag-time.

In the fall of 1915, "R.D.," wearing his first pair of long trousers, entered Varsity as a member of Class '19. As a Freshman, he was quiet and studious, but in his Sophomore Year, he could always be found where there was any excitement, and was a reliable participator in all student activities. He was on the C.A.S. Athletic Directorate for two years, and served one year on the S.R.C. He made a specialty of working on refreshment committees, and, whenever "eats" were needed, he proved an excellent provider—even if he had to swipe them from the Normal School.

"R.D.'s" work here has been mostly along the line of the natural sciences and mathematics. He is hoping to hang out his shingle, some day, as an M.D.

Favorite Amusement—Causing explosions in the Chem. Lab.

Favorite Saying—"Pon my word, I wasn't in it."

W. W. Moore

"A damn'd cramped piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life"

The first chapter of Billy's life has, for its setting, an Indian reserve. He chose as his parents, Presbyterian missionaries, laboring at Mistawasis, Saskatchewan.

There is a legend to the effect that, after attending his father's mission school for a few years, "W.W." studied at Borden, Radisson, and other centres of learning throughout the Province. This has not yet been verified, however. We are on sound historical ground when we say that he distinguished himself in the public school

life of Prince Albert, but whether along scholastic lines or not we may not say.

The year 1911 found him in Collegiate life, and it is recorded that he took the keenest interest in the various activities of that institution.

Having received all the erudition here available, he entered the University of Saskatchewan as a Sophomore in 1915. Since that time he has become known to many as a modest, retiring, and "hard working student." His executive abilities have been shown by his work on the Historic Society's staff, as convenor of the House and Provender Committees of the Presbyterian College, and as Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Missionary Society.

"Billy's" vigour and style in an impromptu debate would do credit to any debating team, but alas! he scorns an invitation involving a set time, place, and subject.

Those who have really met "Billy" in University life, have found him to be a genuine friend and a good fellow, and all join in wishing him further success in his chosen profession.



Robert Warren Neely

*“ And the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’ ”*



Robert Warren Neely's birthplace is Huntingdon, Quebec, and his ancestry, Irish-Scottish. He submitted to mental training in the village schools, where the art of training the young in true Solomonian style was practised upon him twice daily. Finally, having passed the matriculation examinations in Huntingdon Academy, he attended Queen's University, and, afterwards, Regina Normal School.

After being Principal of schools in Lloydminster and Macklin, he entered the Un-

iversity of Saskatchewan.

During the one short session in which he has been with us, his sterling qualities have been recognized by all, and his incomparable humor enjoyed by his privileged friends. The worst thing we can say about him is that he has an overwhelming desire to attend all(?) class-meetings.

Next year, we trust, will find him pursuing the B.S.A. course, but of this, he "can give no guarantee."

Edna Louise Perley

"Her words do show her wit incomparable."

The first five years of Edna's life were spent on the farm. At the end of that time, her family moved to Wolseley. Here she received the major part of her public and high school education. One year, however, was spent gleaning wisdom in the east and another in the west, forgetting it.

Her school days were characterized by a series of honors. Very early she discovered a royal road to learning and decided upon that route.

The fall of 1916 found her entered as a student of our university. Ill-fate demanded that she give up her year, and go south for the winter. The next fall she returned to these halls of learning, and was hailed with joy by the members of Class '19.

Edna's splendid executive ability has been manifested in various student societies. Her willingness to help out in a good time has always been evident, likewise many a sorely pressed committee can bear testimony of her capacity for hard work.

A happy disposition and keen sense of humor have won for her an ever-widening circle of friends who look forward in all confidence to her future success.

Chief Aversion—Mumps.

Chief Ambition—To hear the alarm clock.

Chief Diversion—Stealing rides on milk-wagons.



Isabel A. Reid

*"For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she has proved herself."*



Isabel is a true daughter of the West. She was born in Swift Current, Saskatchewan, where she received her public school education. Thinking that the East offered better opportunities, she took her high school training at St. Margaret's College, Toronto, where she proved her abilities as a student. Realizing that the West was somewhat better than even Toronto, we find her in our midst in the fall of '15. As a result of an enjoyable winter spent in Florida last year, Class '19 won her from our

one-time rivals—'18.

"Belle" will always be remembered as a first-class student, though her energies were by no means confined to libraries and labs. Committees of every sort have haunted her, but we feel that as a tea artist she is well-nigh unequalled. She has entered into all activities of the College, having served on practically every executive, and in every case has demonstrated her efficiency.

Throughout her University course, "Belle" has made many friends by her thoughtfulness for others and spirit of good sportsmanship. We are quite confident her future will be a success for she is one who is "sure to conquer."

Ambition—To get an essay in on time.

Recreation—Organizing bed-dumping contests.

Chief Difficulty—To resign herself to odd cups and saucers at residence bun feeds.

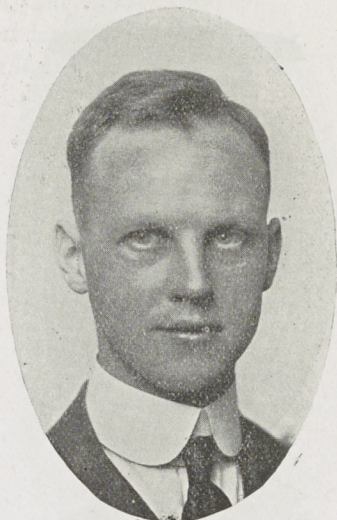
Gerald Flemming Rogers

"Now by the two-headed Janus, Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time."—Shakespeare

The "who is who" of this article is generally known under the cognomen of "Jerry," and the "why" is partly explained by the fact that he was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. His youthful days were spent in the bluenose province, and were not entirely unimproved by such educational facilities as that part of Canada affords.

When he graduated from the high school, he packed his Bible and photos in his trunk and set out for Alberta. This was in 1911. The following year he fell under the attraction of a characteristically western institution, having, as usual, a former Nova Scotian at its head. The combination seemed to him ideal, so we find him at that time registering in Arts at the University of Saskatchewan. Here he remained for three years, taking part in various college activities. Subsequently, "Jerry" attended Medical College, Toronto, and Dalhousie University; but soon reached the conclusion that, everything considered, Saskatchewan was good enough for him, and returned to us to complete his Senior year.

Rogers has a friendly and genial disposition, though sometimes given to hasty criticisms and snap judgments of people and affairs. His ambition is divided, like 'all Gaul,' into three parts. The boundaries are: Theology; Music; and a certain garden spot in Nova Scotia with flowers, trees, bungalow and other accessories.



Rhoda S. Russell

"From everyone the best she hath, and she, of all compounded."



A true daughter of Canada, Rhoda cannot be said to have shown undue partiality to any one province. Born at "The Manse," of Lunenburg, near Ottawa, her early childhood was spent in Ontario and Quebec, and her public school days in Manitoba. Completing her high school course in Alberta, she entered the Saskatoon Normal School. After two years of successful teaching, Rhoda joined the ranks of Class '19 of the U. of S.

Her exceptional abilities were soon recognized and no organization seemed complete without her. She has served as president of the Girls' House Committee, on the executive of the Y.W.C.A. and of Year '19; also as vice-president of the Historical Association and of the Math. Club.

In addition to winning great distinction in her classes, Rhoda has entered whole-heartedly into the athletic activities of the College. Besides being captain of the Senior Basketball Team, Rhoda has won the admiration of all by her splendid record as "forward" on the University Team, of which she is manager.

The high esteem in which she is held by her classmates is clearly manifested in that the Ladies' Senior Stick bears the name of Rhoda S. Russell, for 1918-19.

It is with regret that we see Rhoda leaving us, but we are certain that the characteristics which have made her such a general favorite at Varsity, will assure her success in whatever work she may undertake.

George Wilfred Simpson

*"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fairspoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."*

George Wilfred Simpson was born near Owen Sound, Ontario, where he received his preliminary education. He then attended Owen Sound Collegiate Institute from which he graduated with Honor Matriculation. In 1914, he arrived at an Alberta mining-camp where he spent eight strenuous months in charge of a mission and night school, under the direction of the Methodist Church. His next venture was homesteading in southern Saskatchewan in which success was his lot. In 1916, he entered Saskatchewan as a member of the Sophomore class. During all his college days, his record as a student has been an enviable one, and his executive ability a source of benefit to the University organizations. His friends genuinely appreciate him and the others wish they could know him better. George graduates with Honors in History and English and plans to continue these studies next year.



Hobby—Cornering all the English XIX. and History Tutorial books, while his class-mates are still recuperating from their last efforts.

Ada L. Staples

*"Its guid to be merry and wise;
It's guid to be honest and true."*



Among the many students who have passed through this University, none have been more outstanding than Ada Louise Staples.

Entering in the fall of '16 as a Sophomore, she soon proved herself a tower of strength to her fellow-students. Her sterling character, her genuine true-heartedness and ready sympathy have greatly endeared her to those about her, while her occasional application of a wholesome sarcasm has been appreciated by many a student.

Ada soon made herself known in the realm of athletics. In her Junior Year a Girls' Athletic Association was formed, and Ada was unanimously elected President. Under her guidance athletics were completely re-organized, a redoubled enthusiasm was awakened, and girls' athletics became, for the first time, an important phase of our University life.

Ada's executive abilities, however, were not confined to the field of athletics, as she was an indispensable member of the various other societies. In her Senior Year, the Pente Kai Dekka flourished under her presidency.

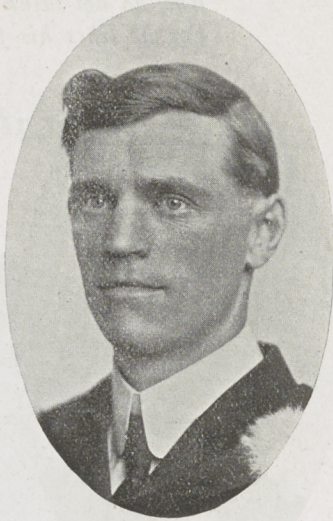
During her University course she has taken the majority of classes in her favorite subjects, English and Biology.

Ada's wholesome advice has had much influence in helping to lay the foundation for sound and practical college customs and traditions.

We truly regret that this is her final year in college, but know that she will "make good," whatever phase of life she may enter.

Alfred Wilson

Another spark of erudition flies from the Saskatchewan anvil of learning; but the analogy ends immediately, for we see for Alf, not the life of a spark, but the career of a luminary. Our Senior Stick's first acquaintance with Time was made in "Glorious Devon." The story persists that he was nourished on "Dumplings and Devonshire Cream," although present evidences do not support the tradition. His early years were spent in comparative obscurity. All that we can certify is that he



learned the multiplication table and parts of speech in Topham, Devonshire; and, after some years, moved by the instinct of the wise, came west. After studying for two years in Moose Jaw Collegiate, he entered Varsity in his Sophomore year. The three years spent here were busy ones, in which he combined a course in Arts with Mission work and domestic duties.

As far as we can gather, Alf specialized in swimming and late hours, took some lectures, and wrote a few tutorials, the latter work counteracting his tendency to corpulency. Alf earned the high esteem of his fellow-students, who honored him last year by making him Senior Stick, and, at the Presbyterian College, President of the Students' Missionary Society. Only in the Choral Society has his work been on a low scale, his support being given wholly to things "bass."

"Alf's" pronounced oratorical powers, combined with his big clear vision of things, and understanding sympathy, bespeak for him a career of power and usefulness in his chosen profession.

E. Herbert Andrews

*"But, do not think he is all for study,
For he likes his fun as anybody."*



"Herb" was born on April 15, 1896, in Sackville, N.B., where he obtained his public school training. Later, however, in 1911, answering the call of the West, he moved to Regina, where he received his Junior Matriculation after one year at Regina College.

Tired of "school days," "Herb" launched into the business world and spent two years in a broker's office before deciding on coming to Varsity in the fall of '14. In his Freshman year he was chosen to be the first president of Class '18, and later

was a member of the "Third Floor Back," which held indomitable sway in the winter of '16-'17.

In the summer of '17, he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and was commissioned in December of that year. He was made a Flying Instructor with the 87th Squadron, and later was put in command of a Flight. The winter was spent at Camp Everman, Texas, and we have heard rumors of sad farewells when the Flying Corps brought "Herb" back to Camp Borden in the spring of 1918.

Since the signing of the armistice, "Herb" is back again, finishing his course in Chemistry, with the intention of entering industrial work.

Favorite Occupation—Talking about Texas.

Favorite Saying to Freshmen—"Say, ho! you've got to take Miss —— to the dance."

Ambition—To have a wild party every night.

M.A. Graduate



Hugh McDonnell Clokie

History and Political Science

History of Class '19

THE VERIFIED RECORD OF THAT ORIGINAL CLASS

IN September, 1915, seven freshettes and eighteen freshmen sought the Saskatchewan halls of learning as Class '19. Feeling that life was good, they were eager to taste the pleasures of college life, and to this end, early in October, the following officers were destined to try old, and search for new, activities for the Class.

Honorary President—Dr. MacLaurin.

President—A. L. Nicholson.

Vice President—Miss Kingsbury.

Secretary—J. J. Mildenburger.

Our first yell only reminded us of the serious side of college life:

Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry and Greek,
We are the boys of the Varsity Matric.,
Ya-hi, ya-ha, ya—ha—ha—ha!
First Year Varsity, Rah! rah!! rah!!!
Zip, zip, zip, '19.

To further stimulate good fellowship and develop the art of public-speaking, an original Debating Club was organized. Many current topics were chosen, each member taking part in his turn.

Probably out of respect for our honorary president, the whole class enrolled for Chemistry I., in which sandwiches, lemon pie served on watch glasses, and popular songs played no small part.

Initiation, rudely thrust upon us, was accepted meekly, on account of our small numbers, but did not greatly disturb our spirits.

In February our class function took the form of a sleigh-ride. Despite the bitter cold night, our hands were kept warm, although it was not the fault of our chaperon, Miss

Bayer, who insisted upon a periodic showing of the right and left hand. Our spirits ran high, enlivened with yells, college songs and the thoughts of hot coffee and good things to eat. In this mood we betook ourselves to the home of Miss Bridgeman, only to be greeted by the mysterious disappearance of our "eats." (N.B.—This was the first, last, and only time: we did credit to the name of Freshmen.)

The first break in our enjoyable year came in March, when our president and six others responded to the call of duty. Thus, the war had affected our year to a considerable extent.

In 1916, three girls and five boys remained of our freshman year, more of our boys having enlisted during the summer. However, we had the pleasure of welcoming a host of fresh sophomores and derived a great deal of enjoyment in seeking revenge through their initiation. Miss Perley, who was originally of '18, came into our midst, and we were glad to add such a good student to our year.

A reorganization meeting was held in the middle of October, the new president being J. J. Mildenburger; Vice president, Miss Buttery; secretary, N. Linklater. A new yell was submitted by the committee and adopted.

Karu-kai, Karai-kai
Karu, Kara, Karay.
'19, '19, zip, hurrah!

Freshmen and professors were invited to our class function in January. Good eats played no mean part in making it a huge success. Once again a Class picture was prepared, which revealed many new faces. The originality of the Class was further demonstrated by the designing and adoption of a '19 pennant. A girls' basketball team was organized, which took the shield and carried everything before it.

The spring and summer of 1917 saw the departure of Mildenburger, Morrison, and Channel for active service.

In the fall, the following officers were elected to guide us through our Junior year:

President—Mr. Benson.

Vice-President—Miss Hartt.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Lawless.

During the term, Mr. Benson was forced to leave us. We were in hopes he would return to us another year, but, alas! not so—"Jake" had exchanged college joys for domestic bliss.

H. M. Levis accepted a position as secretary of a municipality at Humboldt, Sask.

It would be hard to say what form our Class function took this year. A theatre party had been planned for, as the "Theatre Night" committee chose the same play, we were forced to postpone our social evening. The male numbers of the Class evidently thought one "theatre night" was sufficient for the girls. At any rate, rumours were spread abroad that the boys of Year '19 had enjoyed a banquet at the King George.

We prided ourselves in introducing in our Junior year, the first Class pin in the University.

The Senior Sticks bear the names of Miss Russell and Mr. Wilson as representatives of '19.

The year closed with a farewell function given for the Seniors. We knew we would miss them—and we have.

When Year '19 met in its final year, there were twelve girls and six boys, Miss Reid and Jerry Rogers having joined us in the fall. The Seniors were represented by Mr. Simpson as president; Miss Buttery as vice president; and Miss Hartt as secretary-treasurer.

The plans of our energetic president were interrupted by the "flu" epidemic. We were forced to postpone our Class function, but compromised by spending an enjoyable evening at cards in the Girls' Common Room.

With the New Year came Herb Andrews from the R.A.F. Camp at Toronto.

At last, in January, Mr. Simpson's energies found an outlet by arranging a sleighing party for the Class, at which everyone had a jolly good time. The following yell was composed midst tingling toes and jingling bells—

Who are, who are, who are we?

We're '19 of Varsity.

Are we in it?

Well, I should smile,

We've been in it for a long, long while.

1—2—3—4 years.

The Senior-Junior function, held in February, was even more successful than ever and, indeed, a fitting climax.

To add to our pride, the girls of Year '19 Basketball Team won the interyear championship and we are proud to say they have never been defeated.

We were sorry to lose from our Year Miss Jennings' wit and wisdom. She is at present attending Normal and intends to complete her course next year. We also miss the cheerful presence of Miss Stephenson, who is teaching in the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Winnipeg. Miss Kibbe also deserted our ranks to enter into matrimony.

Although Class '19 has suffered greatly from the war, it has stayed to see the dawn of a new era. And, as it goes out into the world, it leaves every good wish for all future Seniors.

In The Dining Room

Mr. M——s: "I have to remember to write down a joke for Miss C——: can you suggest how I can remind myself to do it, Miss W——n?"

Miss W——n: "Well, I think that depends on the joke."

Mr. M——s: "O, I can remember what the joke is, if I can remember that I have to remember it."

Graduates in Agriculture

Wilbert E. Lake



W. E. Lake was born in 1885 at Ratho in good, old Ontario. Here he attended public school, later daily visiting Plattsville, Ont., for his high school work. In 1903 he Normalled at Ingersoll, Ont., teaching at Hickson for one year in 1904. He left that part of Canada in 1905, coming west. In the fall of the same year, he took his Normal at Winnipeg, teaching at Manitou, Man., in 1906. By a mercilless conscience, he was again driven west, homesteading near Edam, Saskatchewan, where he

taught during 1911, '12, and '13, and where he made himself famous as a school gardener. In October, 1913, he was married and now has two young biologists of his own. That same spirit which had driven him 1500 miles from his birthplace to make a name for himself, brought him to Saskatchewan University in 1914, where his ability to attend four science labs., and two agricultural classes in the same afternoon is proverbial. The summers of the years '15, '16, and '17 were spent with Dr. Thompson on the wheat-breeding plots of the Biology Department.

There on hot summer's days, Lake could be seen with tweezers, alcohol, microscope and cotton wool working from sunrise until dark. We sometimes wonder if he ever got tired—he never said so. Such is true genius. During 1918, Lake was with the Provincial Department of Agriculture in the capacity of Field Representative.

Whatever the future may have in store for him, we wish him all success, and some day we expect to hear of a Luther Burbank II.

John Franklin Booth

"Full of wise saws and modern instances."—Shakespeare

April 11th, 1895, was a red-letter day for the Chicago newspapers, for this was the first day that John, by his lusty yell, startled the inhabitants. After winning the sweepstakes at the Chicago International, he was exported to Brandon, Man., in 1902. He attended public school and other institutions, more or less regularly, in this city. At the age of 12, his parents brought him to Semans, Saskatchewan; where he finished his public school education. He procured his high school training



at Regina College in 1912-13. In 1914 he took Normal in Saskatoon, and taught school until he entered Varsity in the fall of 1915 for his B.S.A. degree.

Since entering the University, he has been looked upon by everyone as one of our outstanding, all-around students. As an athlete, he has had no equal in the University, and few, if any, in the whole province. In field day meets, he won the individual championship medal for three consecutive years, and has been of great assistance on the Varsity Rugby team and the Agro football team.

At the same time, John was just as active in student activities. He was a member of the Athletic Directorate, S.R.C., Glee Club, and Y.M.C.A., during all four years of his course. He held prominent offices on all of these societies, and was elected President of the graduating class. In his studies, and class work, John has always come out near the top.

He has spent two of his summers with the Department of Agriculture, and has proven himself a valuable man in everything he has undertaken.

Wallace Alexander Thomson

"Clear-headed friend . . . thou wilt not live in vain."—
Tennyson.



Manitoba has many things to its credit, chief among which is that it produced W. A. Thomson. He was born in Douglas in 1896, and received his early education in Portage-la-Prairie. However, Saskatchewan had excellent occasion to rejoice, when, in 1906, he made Pense his home. Here he took the remaining public and high school training (to say nothing of hockey), and entered the S.A.C. in 1914.

For an all-round good man, "Kelly" cannot be beaten.

He acquits himself well in his studies, and has won three livestock-judging medals. He has been president or vice-president of his Class nearly every year since he came here. He has served on the S.R.C. and Athletic Directorate with great success, being president of the latter for the past two years. As an athlete, he can scarcely be surpassed, having been captain of the Agro football, track, and hockey teams for a number of years and was also captain and star player of the University hockey team this year. Truly, these qualities, coupled with his sunny and good-humored disposition, make his friends love, admire and respect him.

His chosen line of work is Animal Husbandry with special attention to sheep. With his practical experience and natural ability, no one is surer of being a prominent man in the future life of Saskatchewan.

Favorite Saying—"I'll spot you twenty."

Peculiar Habit—Deserting the gang at Temperance Street.

Geoffrey Baldwin Bodman

"A light heart lives long."—Shakespeare.

This long counterpart of Woodrow Wilson was born in 1894 in a small village on the outskirts of London. His early education was obtained on the island of Guernsey. The journeys between his home and Guernsey developed his appetite so greatly that in 1907 he looked to the wheat-growing plains of Saskatchewan to cater to this phase of his anatomy. So for a few years he disported himself at farming near Dilke, and, in 1914, impressed with the possibilities of Agricultural science, entered the S.



A.C. In August, 1917, he enlisted in the R.F.C., where his talent gained him the position of artillery observation instructor. He remained in Toronto until the demobilization of the R.A.F., and December, 1918, saw him back here to complete his course.

"Jeff" is unexcelled as a student, and is always a leader in university activities, his services always being in demand for committee work. This year he fathers the Literary Society in the capacity of secretary, and also instructs the uninitiated in the mysteries of Soil Physics.

We will ever remember "Jeff" as one who was willing to contribute his time and energies to anything worth while in our University life, and we have no doubt that the larger fields before him will yield a fitting harvest for one of such a genial disposition and integrity of purpose.

Cherished possession—Crash pictures of cadet machines.

Class Prophecy

I HAD just returned from my wanderings in time for Convocation, 1940, and as I sat in the spacious new hall, my breath was fairly taken away by the crowd of young hopefuls in sable gowns. The air was balmy with the fragrance of the girls' bouquets, and tense with excitement. It made my old heart rejoice to recognise a pupil from the backwoods, modestly kneeling to receive the hood.

As we passed slowly out, someone tapped me on the shoulder, and peered smilingly into my face. "Why, bless my soul," I cried, "Dr. J——, '18, it's a sight for sore eyes to see you." We slipped behind, and when the crowd was gone, lingered to examine and compare the graduate groups adorning the walls. We gravitated naturally to Year '19, the first to receive this public honor, and agreed that for good-looks and pure intelligence, they couldn't be beat, with some reservations in favor of '18.

"But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match
And reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of—
Labs. and Latin and things?" I murmured musingly.

"Yes, but they did!" my companion broke in; "come to my bungalow this evening to talk over old times and you shall see."

"You bet!" cried I; "for Auld Lang Syne."

"You have been travelling in highly civilized countries," she rebuked.

"*Pardonez-moi, Madame,*" and we bowed polite adieux.

"Come for supper—tea, I mean," reminded Dr. J——.

Eight p.m. found us seated around a cosy imitation of an old, brick fire-place, with real logs in the grate. I produced my knitting and arranged my spectacles. My companion burst into most uproarious and unprofessional laughter.

"Well," said I, "you tat, don't you?"

"No, and I don't keep cats."

"You tried awful hard to learn—to tat."

"Yes, Bessie Lakken wasted some hours—by the way, where is she? I lost track of her."

"Putting in the spring crop
On the homestead in B.C.
The 'logs' she works with now
Are those she splits to make the tea,"

I replied.

"I believe you were supposed to read Billy Shakespeare, once upon a time," unappreciatingly.

"I'm sorry," I said, "you may sing when you feel like it. 'There is delight in singing, tho' none hear beside the singer.'"

"Bessie didn't get—?"

"Not she," I interrupted emphatically; "after visiting and doing pennance at the tombs of Virgil and Cicero, pouring thereon a libation of some score of perfect prose exercises, she spent a year in passing on to the young Australians the benefits of Canadian scientific and mathematical training. After spending some years among her ancestral relatives in Scandinavia, in the interests of heredity and evolution, she has returned to the homestead, where, I believe, she intends to carry on experiments in wheat-rust and fungi. I suppose we may expect treatises on the results from time to time."

"Talking about farming," I went on, "we had some promising Agros in '19."

"Yes, the Agros are carrying on characteristically. Bodman is Minister of Agriculture; Lake's apple orchards rival the Okanagan and old Ontario; while rural Saskatchewan blesses the name of Booth, and 'Kelly' Thomson is still specializing in Hockey and Hogs."

"Science wasn't so strongly represented; yet, among the girls—"

"Oh, Doc MacKenzie has evolved a new fox-trot and goose-hop, and is master of a school of dancing and etiquette and gentlemanly behaviour."

"So?"

"The girls," she went on, "were hard to beat."

I couldn't resist another venture—

"For a year they wandered o'er the globe, the Green and White unfurled,
Led by Athlete Ada, challenging the sporting-world;
The boys, in close attendance, were handy for to root,
To carry hockey-sticks and skates, and basketballs, to boot.

—Some subjects are so delightful; they naturally lend themselves to rhyme," I apologized, and rose to snuff one of the candles lit in my honor. I sat gazing into the fire, seeing things, when a wierd sound made me whirl round. My learned friend was chanting "I Hear You Calling Me."

I chuckled. "For such a syren call did Benson sacrifice higher education and the elevating company of the last teens. As I used to hear the boys sigh—

'Just for a handful of Heaven he left us—
Someone to darn and press out his coat.
Found the one gift of which Fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote.'

—I wonder who found the Missing Link?"

"Oh, he found himself in his researches in the evolution of the species

"Coming back to higher education, it has been much criticised," said Dr. J——, "but Beulah made a charming bride in spite of the chemical fumes so injurious to the complexion. Some cook, too. Her Schizomycetes, saprophytes and Thermophilous soups are strikingly photobacterium phosphorescentis and bacteriopupurin in shade, and decidedly micrococcus and acidi-paralactici in flavor. Moreover, she is still making hay."

"Muriel still a success in Domestic Science?"

"Yes; and Iona is still Queen of Hearts."

"Age cannot wither these, nor custom stale their infinite variety.'"

"By the way, did you notice the Chinese grad. today? That's one of Lulu Barr—Prof. Lulu's pupils from Chang-king Ching-tu. We had one of Olive's Hindu's last year."

She rose and went to the book-case.

"Here's something which will interest you," she said, handing me a volume entitled, "Flora Saskatchewanensis," by A. Staples, M.A.

I smiled reminiscently.

"If you have a day off, be sure and visit her wild flower nurseries at Oxbow, and remember, all specimens gratefully received and identified."

"You bet your life," said I; "I'll be there. And that reminds me: I ran across a literary production of Year '19, across the pond. It created quite a sensation."

"Oh, yes, G. W. Simpson's 'The Philosophic Significance of Anthropomorphic and Anthropopathic Polytheism in Relation to World Politics and Bolshevism.' He is at present recuperating with a pamphlet on, 'Why Falstaff Does Not Speak in Blank Verse,' before launching on, 'The Relation and Comparison of Psychology, Epistemology and Metaphysics or The Ontological Expression of the Epistemological Results of Psychycical Research.'"

I gasped. "Isn't there a rumor of his running as candidate at the coming provincial elections?"

"Yes; and that 'tall, silent man,'—what's his name?"

Neely?

"Yes. He's giving them a demonstration in clean politics, and what's more, spends his Xmas holidays organising curling teams among University students."

I knitted in silence for some minutes while my medical friend bustled off for coffee and sandwiches.

"I suppose," she began, sinking again into the cosy arm-chair, "I suppose you have heard the particulars of Dr. Anderson's latest discovery?"

"Ernie Anderson, of '19?"

"The same and no less. After many experiments on frogs and guinea-pigs and the like, he has perfected an elixir which accelerates growth."

I leapt to my feet, all but upsetting the tray. "That *must* have been Edna Perley I saw today, then! She was six feet, if she was an inch."

"Yes, she has her heart's desire, and is still growing," she continued, while I mentally vowed to see Dr. A. "He is now anxiously endeavoring to discover an antidote for growth, and Edna is busy borrowing books from various University libraries, preliminary to writing a learned and touching treatise on, 'The Little More and How Much It Is.'"

I sat in dumb amazement, munching. This thing was too deep for me.

My companion's voice roused me. "Heard Rev. Gerry Rogers, M.A., D.D., yet?"

"No. 'Still lures to brighter worlds and leads the way'?"

"You bet! 'A burning and a shining light' in his chosen profession, to which he is an honor. Moreover, his poetical ability is well known in literary circles, and his verse appears alternately in *The Presbyterian Record* and *Life*."

I trimmed the other candle, and poked the fire.

"You'll have a chance to hear him and Rev. W. W. Moore at the Union Synod tomorrow if you wish. We sometimes find delightful exceptions to the proverbial minister's son, and as for daughters—you should hear Rhoda in the House. I tell you, she made the men sit up."

"Words of learned length and thundering sound"

She laughed. "No, that's Simpson."

"There's Helen, too. I spent a few days at her Indian school in the north country before I left," I said.

"But, my dear, she's since attained to higher things."

"Dear girl," I said, "her ideals were ever lofty, but ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

"For that you must follow the career of Barrister Hartt, M.A., L.L.D., who will, in all probability, in the near future, be presented with the judges' wig, for her excellent handling of the great Crown case, 'Crown versus Wilson, re School Attendance Act.' Alford was lawyer for the Crown, but Edith's eloquent and touching reference to the burden of raising so large and young a family on Faith, Hope and Charity, long-tail coats and poverty, swayed the jury, and the culprit was acquitted."

Meanwhile the candles burned low in the sockets, and I rose to go.

"This has been, indeed, a memorable night," I said. "Call for me tomorrow forenoon and we will lunch at Belle's salad parlor, sunshine shop, or refreshment rooms, or whatever she calls it, in the East end."

"Sure," heartily responded the good doctor, "she's a brick; still organizing and making things go."

And as I stepped out into the soft spring night, I was overwhelmed with the importance of Year '19, in the realm of Politics, Literature, Science, Theology, Law, Social Service, Matrimony, and what not, and the progress made while I was investigating the educational conditions of the youngest Republic. I basked proudly in the reflected rays of such greatness; then, I spied the red gleam and made a dash for the car in the old, familiar way.—*M.E.J.*

Canny Scot (on being introduced to Mr. L. E. Kirk):
"Och, mon, ye're nae a Kirk; ye're a Cathethral."

Graduates in Law

Emmett Hall



Ireland has reason to be proud of many a heritage and many a patriot; amongst the former, the well-known Blarney stone, and as to the latter, Robert Emmett. But it remained for Canada to combine these elements in the subject of this sketch.

Emmett was born in 1898 in St. Columban, Quebec, of Irish parentage. At a tender age, he learned the French language, and with such an asset, he decided to "go West." He settled in Saskatoon, attended the public schools, entered the Colleg-

iate Institute, and matriculated in July, 1916. His natural abilities in debating, clear thinking-power, and scholarship attracted his attention to law, with the result that he entered Law '19.

A "prince of good-fellows" and a terror to Freshmen, he has played a big part in his Year. His executive ability has been felt in many spheres of student activity—in the Law Students' Association, the Debating Society, and the S.R.C., in which his works, nefarious and otherwise, will not soon be forgotten.

Emmett is the "boy" graduate in law this year, but for all that he is recognised by all as a "comer." Predictions are odious, but when one possesses such ability as he does, no heights are unsurmountable—in short, his future is assured.

Pet Aversion—Lectures at 8.30 a.m.

Favorite Occupation—Conspiring and planning for banquets at others' expense.

John G. Diefenbaker, M.A.

John was born in Ontario some 23 years ago. Of his early career, little is known other than, at a tender age, he realized that the proper place for his intellectual expansion was the University City of Saskatchewan.

After a short stay at the Collegiate, he entered the ranks of the U. of S., in 1912, with his hopes centred on a B.A. degree. In '15 he realized his primary ambition and in '16 he added to his store by taking his M.A.

This was not enough for John. He had aspirations towards a career in law, but these were shelved when, in the summer of 1916, he proceeded overseas as a Lieutenant. He was subsequently returned on account of illness contracted on active service.

Since joining the College of Law, John's executive ability has been greatly appreciated and much in demand. As our Vice-President, Associate Editor of the *Sheaf*, and Alumni Representative on the S.R.C., in the debating society and in moot trials, he has occupied a place which will be difficult to fill, and hereafter all transgressors of the Students' Code will breathe more freely when he relinquishes his position as *custodian of justice*.

We all unite in tendering him our good wishes for the future, and feel confident that his career at the Bar will be one of honor and success.

Pet Aversion—Lectures.

Favorite Occupation—Keeping his eye on the S.R.C.

Favorite Haunt—Fifth Avenue.

Vernon U. Miner



"Vern" was born in 1892 in Cobden, Ontario, but, at an early age, came westward, settled in Winnipeg, and in process of time became a mercantile clerk. His dreams, however, were centred on law, and to that end he matriculated from McGill University in 1915, and in the year following joined this class, only, however, for a short period. The call to duty was heard and he joined the 196th Battalion, but, unfortunately, illness prevented him from proceeding overseas. After his discharge, he

once more pursued his course at law.

Vernon is an indefatigable worker, and time will bring him his reward. During his stay in our midst, he has made many friends, who, one and all, predict for him a fine success in the legal profession.

Favorite Occupation—Smoking cigars, with law as a sideline.

Peter Neish MacLaren

What good gathering would be complete without a Scotsman? Scotland has turned out many a legal light, for the reason that "canniness" and legal intuition are practically synonymous. The subject of this sketch was, according to his own testimony, born in Bridge of Allan, Scotland, not many years ago. After receiving his public school education in his native town, he proceeded to Stirling for his high school training. In 1912, having heard of fortunes being made overnight in Saskatoon, he decided to forsake the land of his fathers, and the result was that he found himself in the real estate "swim." Subsequently, he decided that Law offered great possibilities, so in 1916, he joined our class.



"Mac" has endeared himself to all his associates by his geniality and willingness to aid in all student activities, and during his stay with us has ably filled several executive positions on the S.R.C. and the Law Students' Association. Especially will he be remembered by sundry Freshmen, in that he acted as sheriff at all trials of junior wrongdoers, and woe inevitably followed on any misdemeanor which might lower the dignity of our judicial proceedings.

We all extend to him good wishes for a successful practice at the bar.

Michael Stechishin



Michael was born, according to his opinion as to the future map of Europe in Western Ukraine. He received his elementary education from a Polish schoolmaster of medieval type—may he now rest in peace! He became a wide reader at an early age, and, besides *belles lettres*, his favorite subjects were history and geography. At the age of 14, he was fined by the Supreme Court in Tarnopol for distributing Ukrainian literature, which was not much appreciated by Austrian au-

thorities on account of its political tendency. Seeing no opportunity in his native land, downtrodden by an unbearable machine, Michael, on the 29th of June, 1905, landed at the beautiful city of Quebec. He was then 17 years old.

The next thing he did was to cross our continent by one means and another, and on the western coast he soon found opportunity to study practical geology, earth strata and coal deposits on Vancouver Island. Having acquired a fair knowledge of the English language, Michael entered the Ruthenian School in Brandon, Man. From that time, he was constantly on the job, with several intermissions during summer months for earning the means. He also taught school in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and some of his pupils are students of high schools and University. He found himself in Saskatoon in 1916.

Michael surely deserves credit for what he has accomplished under the unique circumstances, but for his accomplishments he thanks our free British Institutions and available educational facilities.

William N. Stewart

No prominent body of men can be found in any province of Canada, without there being in its midst a native of Prince Edward Island. The subject of this sketch is the only graduate of law who hails from the land of herrings and lawyers.

He was born some time during the last century on the Island, but we hear nothing further about him until his graduation from Prince of Wales College. However, "Bill" didn't like the opportunities offered in that province—in short, he found the island too small for him, so westward he went, settled in Saskatoon in 1916, and entered the Law school.

His genial disposition and his good-fellowship will not soon be forgotten by those privileged to know him. His scholarship has resulted in the award to him of the Law prize in the year 1918. We all join in wishing such success in the profession that some day he may be elevated to a judgeship—a position which he has amply proved his capacity to occupy through his connection with the Students' Court



Favorite Occupation—Counsel in Hen-coop cases.

Pet Aversion—Anti-cigarette uplifters.

Alfred Dayton Bates



On a sleepy afternoon in the latter part of the last century, the old world town of Sudbury was awakened from its accustomed somnolent quiet by the news of the advent of our subject into the light of day. As is usual on such occasions, the genealogy of the component parts of the whole community was carefully gone over, wise heads were duly shaken and hopes and fears expressed. Notwithstanding such forebodings, we see our friend pass through childhood and enter school at Sudbury to

receive such instruction as it might offer. Laborious years are passed in absorbing knowledge at this institution, when "A.D." ultimately feels it incumbent on him to find out what lies beyond the hedgerows and green fields. Following the trail of an elder brother, he reaches Saskatoon in 1911, at a time when the sole topic of conversation is real estate and discounting agreements. In his desire for a closer acquaintanceship with such high finance, he takes up the business of banking, but, soon realising the limited scope for advancement there, he enters on the hazardous venture of the study of law. By diligent delving and studious industry, he now stands ready to pluck the fruits of his labor. Heaven grant it won't be prunes. "A.D." is also keenly interested in music and has set himself the task of writing the scroll for the Rules of Court in order that future generations of students may find it more congenial to get them up on their ukelele or jews-harp.

Emmanuel Graduates

John Graham

"Johannes" was born a citizen of no mean city—Belfast, Ireland. His early education was gained in one of the National Schools of that city, and later he attended the Belfast Technical Institute. His course there completed, he chose the linen business as his profession and qualified therein. His idea that he was greener than he ought to be made him seek the West.

He matriculated in '15 and began a joint course in Theology and Arts. In college life, he has been quiet, but relentlessly active. Still waters run deep. Since '15 he has been a representative on the S.R.C., has taken an active part in debate, football, and on the track, and has done good work as President of the University Y.M.C.A., and a Vice-President of the Literary Society.

He has had great success on the Mission Field at Islay, Lloydminster, Watson, and Adanac, whence very good reports of his work come, and his return is desired.

We expect great things of him in the future, for he aims high and backs up his aspirations with steady perseverance and application. His one great dream is to see all Protestant churches united, and he has faith enough in his dream to do more than think about it. Upon Ordination this spring, he will begin permanent work on the Mission Field, and we wish him that large measure of success of which he is deserving.



Thomas David Proctor



If success can be achieved by *persistence* and *determination*, T.D.P. ought to achieve it, for these two words may be said to characterize his life while in Emmanuel.

He was born in Manchester the world's great cotton centre, in 1892. He received his early education at a church school, proceeding later to the Manchester School of Commerce.

It was at this time that he received his first inspiration for a ministerial career, being licensed by the Bishop of Manchester as a Lay

Reader. In 1913 he heard Principal Lloyd's appeal for the Church in western Canada, and arrived in Saskatoon in June of that year. In the fall, he entered Emmanuel College, where he has shown a spirit of determination to achieve his ideal, which has won for him the esteem of all his fellow-students. In all college activities, he has shown a keen interest, especially in athletics and debates. He has done good mission work at Coxby, Arclee, Hewitt's Landing, Hughenden, Sutherland, and Patience Lake, during the summers 1913 to 1918.

In 1915 he answered his country's call and joined the C. A.M.C., but was discharged in 1916, owing to sickness. In 1918 he was again accepted and went to Regina where he soon gained promotion to the rank of sergeant. Last December he was able to resume his studies, and thus finish his college work.

He graduates from Emmanuel with the Divinity Testamur and L.Th., and carries with him the good wishes of all his fellow-students.

Presbyterian Graduates

D. T. Lancaster

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster."

"Lank" goes forth full of learning, after several years exposure to lectures in Arts and Theology. He came from the country of John Knox, where he had become proficient as a geological draftsman; however, compasses and brushes failed as instruments to express his genius, and Scotland became too small for his expanding ambition.

"Lank" came to Canada in 1906, and, after trying out Canadian life for a few years, entered high school at Walkerton, Ont., and was sent out to a Saskatchewan mission field by the Students' Missionary Society of Queen's College. Since then he has served on various mission fields in the province, and has left behind him a trail of well-built manses, and carried away a reputation for good preaching and furious driving.

"Lank" has persevered in his studies despite much sickness—he has had almost every ailment from an ingrown toenail to appendicitis—but, between good surgery and the restful atmosphere of the Presbyterian College, he has been restored to health of body and peace of mind. He leaves with us the fragrant memory of a unique "Theology" and a marvelous philosophy, and goes forth with the best wishes of his fellow-students.



Hill Hamilton



There was considerable excitement in the Hamilton household in the vicinity of Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, when Hill first began his earthly pilgrimage. He spent his early years on his father's farm, at the foot of Slemish, feeding swine, like St. Patrick of old.

His wanderings in the plantin, and his work at the National School, carried him beyond the glory of boyhood years. Dublin next claimed him, at which place he joined the Irish Mission of the Presbyterian Church. After

spending several months by the Tiffey, he journeyed through the south and west of Ireland, preaching to the natives, after the manner (though not, perhaps, in the theology) of his national saint.

He came to Canada in 1910 and began missionary work in Saskatchewan. In 1914, he entered on a combined Arts and Theological course. During his stay with us, he has made many firm friends, though his duties on the house committee of the Presbyterian College have caused some of the wilder spirits to discover the stern paternal traits of his nature.

He leaves us now to take up, in a fuller sense, the work of his chosen profession, and we predict for him a promising and successful future.

His cheery disposition and inexhaustible fund of original Irish stories have served to keep the burden of theology from exerting too much pressure upon the minds of his more "serious" fellow-students. We wish him God-speed, and trust to hear from him continually as the result of the good work we are sure he will do.

Associate Agriculture Graduates

Ralph Jowsey

On November 24, 1892, near the thriving little town of Saltcoats, Ralph's lusty voice was added to the Jowsey choir, and we feel sure that he took upon himself his full share of the duties in that position.

Being intensely interested in the development of scientific agriculture and anxious to learn more about the theoretical side of his native industry, he came to the S. A.C. in the fall of '15. He soon made a name for himself as an Associate student, and in his Sophomore year, succeeded in obtaining a share of the Dixon Prize.

Owing to the labor shortage, Jowsey missed a year in 1918, but as soon as the war was over, and in spite of the "flu," his jovial face was again seen in the University halls. He is graduating this year, after having succeeded admirably in his studies, and, by his abundant sense of humor and good nature, become a favorite with all his classmates.

While on the farm, he has never failed to put his scientific training into practice and is the kind of student who has that remarkable ability of making practical applications of theoretical principles. With these excellent qualifications, we feel assured that he will be able to render invaluable service to his community, in coping with its various agricultural problems.

Ambition—To remain a bachelor.

Favorite Haunt—The Daylight Theatre.



John Henry Miller



That the Saskatchewan College of Agriculture is keeping pace with the immigration movement into this province is clearly evident in the case of John Miller, who, having tried farming both in Michigan, where he was born, and in Kansas, where he moved a few years later, decided in 1905 to emigrate to the Outlook district in Saskatchewan, where he soon became one of the most prosperous farmers in the community. Naturally broad-minded and possessed of a great desire for a better education,

he came, in the fall of '15, to the best place to satisfy his wishes, and is graduating this year, after having made a name for himself in his studies, of which any student might well be proud.

Being a confirmed bachelor by nature, and not at all addicted to that time-wasting occupation, colloquially termed "fussing," he applied himself assiduously to his studies, and in his Sophomore year was one of the winners of the Dixon Prize.

Taking into account his excellent preparation, his amiable temperament, and his willingness to serve others, we have no doubt that he will be able to render a great service to the farmers of his district, and we look forward to some later date, when the name of John Miller will indicate one of the most successful farmers in the province.

Ambition—To grow more wheat per acre than any farmer in Saskatchewan.

Pet Aversion—Girls.

Thomas Rowles

In the spring of 1897, Thomas Rowles, as a sturdy yearling, was first seen navigating his own way around the fields of Crandall, Man. After receiving his public school education there, he found that Manitoba was too crowded for him and persuaded his parents to move west to Castle Coombe, Saskatchewan, where he might have room to expand.

"Tommie" tilled the soil for several years, but, not being satisfied with the methods of those dark ages, he entered the University of Saskatchewan in 1912, where he was welcomed as one of the first students in Agriculture. After taking two terms of the Associate course, he heard the call for men, and joined the colors on November 9th, 1914, but was discharged in 1915. Not being satisfied, he joined the 196th, and, to his disappointment, was again discharged in 1916 on account of heart trouble.

This year we find him graduating in the Associate course, but, sad to say, we note he has the same old complaint. It is, however, in a different form, and Tommie takes with him the best wishes of his many friends, who wish him a happy and prosperous future in his little gray home in the west.

Chief Delight—To pick an argument.

Favorite Expression—"Oh, Gol."



Percy J. Elson



Percy first saw the light of day in the spring of 1898 in Leamington, Ontario. Hardly had he laid aside his infant clothes, however, when he found himself transported to Peterborough, Ont., a large manufacturing centre, where he received the greater part of his public school education. Looking for bigger possibilities, he moved with his parents to Saskatoon, in the big boom days. But, after a short stay in Saskatoon, wishing to get the experience that many other people have had, he moved

to Colonsay to homestead, and there received first-hand knowledge of the rudiments of agriculture, particularly grain-raising. He wished, however, to introduce more scientific methods in this district, so he entered the Saskatchewan Agricultural College in the fall of 1915. On account of adverse conditions, he was forced to stay away from the halls of learning during the term of 1916 and '17, but he has been able to come back and finish his course this year, and is now ready to put his acquired knowledge into practice.

Percy enters upon his work with the good wishes of all his classmates who feel quite assured that he will prove himself a great help to any community.

Ambition—Doubtful; perhaps hard work.

Albert Alexander Kirk

In 1911 Kirk found the little village of Kirkton, Ontario, where he had first seen the light of day, much too small for him, so in the same year he moved west and settled on the broad prairies near Salvador, Saskatchewan, where he has since thoroughly imbibed the rudiments of western agriculture.

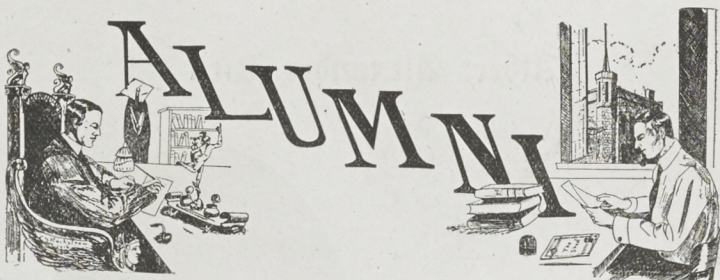
A mere public school education was not sufficient for an ambitious, far-seeing boy, like Albert, so in the fall of '15 he entered the S.A.C. as an Associate student, and joined the largest Freshman class up to that time. This event marks a great change in his career, and we find him from the first, one of the foremost students in his class.

During his sojourn at the University, he was deeply interested in the college activities, and this, together with his diligence as a student, and his quiet, unassuming, and accommodating manner, made him a favorite, both with the faculty and his classmates.

He acquitted himself in his studies in a most credible manner, and is going out of the College, one of its best Associate graduates. We feel sure that he will not only apply his scientific training, but will pass it on to others, and be in general an agricultural leader in his community.

Ambition—To study 26 hours a day.





Editor; Miss C. Murray, '17.

The Graduates' Association

THE traditions of a University, that peculiar spirit, set of ideas, educational tenets, or whatever it may be that gives character to an institution of learning, are handed down from generation to generation of students, and are preserved and impressed upon the larger community by those who have graduated from its halls.

The most precious thing about a University is the *esprit de corps* or community spirit of its graduates. This is a marked characteristic of all the older Universities that have attained distinction, and has invariably found expression through the association of their graduates, or alumni.

The best means for making the influence of a university vital is, undoubtedly, through the agency of the graduate's association. The democratic influence of education is not something that radiates from the walls of a University as ether waves from the tower of a radio station. Only through personality does it become operative, and, as with all other fields of endeavor, "in union there is strength."

The "University of Saskatchewan Graduates' Association" was organised on Convocation day in 1917, and at present considerably more than half the graduates are members. In the absence of such an institution, many of those who received their degrees during the first years, more or less lost touch with the University, but now that the Graduates' Association is well under way, it is expected that future

graduating classes will be identified with the Association from the first. Every indication points to a rapid annual increase in the number of graduates, and thus augmented from year to year, there is reason to anticipate a strong and influential organization, capable of expressing itself effectively in matters of public interest—more especially in those that pertain to the educational interests of the province.

In addition to voicing the ideas of the graduates, the executive hopes to be of practical service to members of the Association. Present plans call for an annual reunion on the evening of Convocation Day and the annual publication of a directory of graduates. Both plans materialized last year. The secretary also endeavored to maintain an up-to-date information bureau and all enquiries with reference to graduates received careful attention. An Alumni column was also edited in the *Sheaf*.

At the annual meeting on Convocation Day, 1918, the first draft of a constitution was submitted, by a select committee for the approval of the meeting. This matter was carefully considered and a constitution adopted. It is hoped that a printed copy can soon be placed in the hands of the members.

The executive of the Association for the current year is as follows: Mr. Kirk (Arts and Agric.), president; Miss Schiltz and Mr. Leoppky (Arts), vice-presidents; Miss McKay (Arts), secretary-treasurer; Miss Burnett (Arts), Mr. Cameron (Agric.); Messrs. Bates, Makaroff, and Klevin (Law).—*L. E. Kirk.*

Notes

Miss Elizabeth Smith, '18, having completed her Normal, has taken a school near Richlea for the summer.

Miss Dorothy Barnes, '17, is substituting in town for Miss Edna Melvin, '18, who is recovering from a relapse after 'flu.

At the recent convocation of the University of Chicago among those receiving the degree of Master of Arts was Miss Geraldine Gallon, '17. We extend congratulations.

Miss Minnie Walker, '17, is teaching at Pike Lake.

John Cameron, '18, has been appointed provincial secretary of the Great War Veterans' Association.

Harry Saville, '16, has transferred his allegiance from the Field Husbandry Department to the Extension Department. Will Walker, '17, is engaged in the same work.

Miss Norlaine Burnett, '16, is teaching at Creighton.

We regret to say that Bert Harold, '17, has been compelled to give up his medical work owing to ill health.

At St. John's Church, Saskatoon, March 10th, Miss Marion Dewdney, '16, became the bride of Mr. Guy Adamson, ex '17, Hoosier, Sask. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Newnham and Archdeacon Dewdney.

The marriage of Dell Perley, Assoc. Agric. '16, and Miss A. Armytage took place in Winnipeg, February 20th, 1919.

Blushing Agro: "Will you have some honey?"

Fair Co-ed: "Yes, what is it?"

Mr. —: "This is the third time I've been put at this table."

Miss —: "You'll soon think it belongs to you, won't you?"

Miss — (later): "I've been at three tables with Mr. Rogers."

Mr. —: "You'll soon think he belongs to you, won't you?"

A black and white photograph of a large group of young men, likely a sports team, posing in several rows. They are dressed in suits and ties, with some wearing letterman-style jackets. The group is arranged in approximately five rows, with the front row sitting on the ground and the back row standing. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

H. Freeman	J. Graham	H. Cunningham	W. Benson
P. Warren	R. Carr	J. Waddell	H. English
		W. Thompson	E. M. Hartt, Secretary
E. Hall	B. Eastman	L. Gruchy	J. Mutch
		G. W. Simpson	R. McKenzie
		I. Lawless	J. Booth
		President	Executive
		Treasurer	Vice President



Editor: Miss R. Russell, '19.

Year '19

ANXIOUS to be outdone in nothing, we were giving Year '21 a close run for the championship of "Meet-days." The subject for all our *tete-a-tetes* was "mortar-boards." "To wear or not to wear" was the burning question, but we at last solved the problem, more or less satisfactorily, as is evidenced somewhere in this illustrious paper.

Otherwise we have had no serious business besides the usual ills that attend prospective graduates. Our spare (?) time we spend in wishing we were Freshmen again, because our Varsity days are so nearly over. The lady members of the Class have been most decorous of late, but on the whole, law and order, we fear, has not held absolute sway. At least there are vague rumors that some of the high and mighty have been unceremoniously sounding the depths of the swimming pool.

Basketball times are about at a close, but we are content to rest on the glory of the ladies record. Unfortunately, hockey has not inter-year arrangement, but we hope that such will be the case next year.

We are glad to welcome our president, Mr. Simpson, home again, after his recent sojourn in the hospital. Even "flu" cannot "keep a good man down."

We realize, with a considerable amount of sadness, that this is our last official contribution to the *Sheaf*, so we take the opportunity of wishing the *Sheaf* and all other "Green and White" interests, the greatest success and prosperity imaginable.

Now! Altogether!

Karu-kai, Karai-kai
Karu, Karai, Karay
Nineteen! Nineteen! Zip, hurrah!

Year '20

Hark! Year '20 is not silent.
Looking backward o'er the year,
"Was it worth the while, and can we
Face the 'finals' now so near?"

Shall we burst all bonds of study?
Shall we wander far away
From this life of stress and turmoil,
From this worry day by day?

Ne'er to have examinations,
Never essays by the score,
Slide along in peaceful fashion
Never troubled more and more?

But we have not lost entirely
By the knowledge we have gained,
And we know the growth within us
Cannot be a thing that's feigned.

We have given our assistance
In the realms of sport and fun,
In the basketball and hockey,
In the skating, every one.

And our minds have not been idle,
Nor our talents covered up.
We have helped in song and drama
And debating for the cup.

Have we failed then in our studies,
 In the training which they bring?
 You will see, approximately,
 By the papers in the spring.

Passing, we're no longer Juniors,
 But to Senior rank, we climb,
 As the heirs of all the Ages
 In the foremost files of time.

It will mean a greater struggle,
 For the place is hard to fill.
 Are we ready? You shall see us.
 Twenty's aim, "the summit," still.

Year '21

Toot! Toot! Toot!

Having carefully read and re-read the last number of the *Sheaf*, we find not one complimentary remark concerning the Sophomores. We can't quite understand it, for we know we are deserving of praise. Can it be that the other Years are jealous? If so, we must blow our own horns.

We would like to say first, for the benefit of the Seniors and Juniors, that Miss Bayer has repeatedly declared that the class in English II. of this Year, has by far excelled that of any previous Year.

Why did each of the other Years take up part of their valuable space in the *Sheaf* to make references, direct or indirect, to the Sophomores? Answer.—There is nothing more interesting to talk about.

Who is the lady soloist in the University Choir? Answer—A Soph.

Who inspired most of the original poems in the last *Sheaf*? Answer—The Sophs.

Who are the artists who draw the exceedingly praiseworthy cartoons for our college paper? Answer—Two Sophs.

Who is the most talented pianist in the University? Answer—A Soph.

What Year has provided the University Orchestra with the largest number of members? Answer—The Sophomore Year.

What Year has provided more topics for discussion in dining-room, halls, and lecture rooms, than the Sophs?

Who can give as well as take? Answer—The Sophs.—*M.I.*

Year '22

Alpha! Beta! Gama! Delta!

Sis! Boom! Boo!

C.—A.—S. 1—9—2—2.

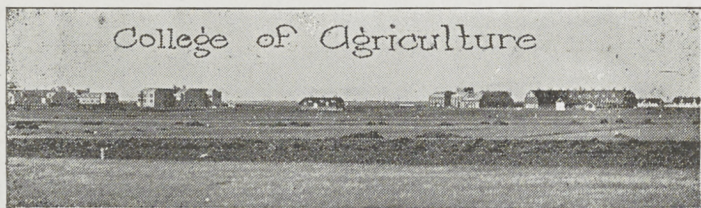
On February 14th, a meeting of the Year was called to elect a representative for the *Sheaf*. Mr. Croll was elected.

On March 14th, the Year held a meeting to appoint someone for the S.R.C., 1919-20. Mr. Mahaffy was unanimously elected.—*L.D.C.*

The following hint was handed out by a law lecturer, as to what to study in “——,” in order to be sure of a pass:

“If you can’t read the text-book, why, read the head-notes.”

This suggestion has been seriously taken to heart by all law-students, who are confirmed time-savers as far as study is concerned. For further particulars in this art, see Mr. E—— H——.



Editor: G. B. Bodman, '19.

*Still will the seeds, tho chosen with toilsome pains,
 Degenerate, if man's industrious hand
 Cull not each year the largest and the best.
 'Tis thus by destiny, all things decay
 And retrograde, with motion unperceived.*

—Virgil's Georgics.

AN energetic Editor-in-Chief, a short term, and fast-crowding events combine to bring the Graduation Number on the stocks, seemingly much earlier than usual. We would we had the boldness of the Editor-in-Chief, and could say: "For those desiring an efficient and complete editorial, reference is made to page 1, *et seq.* of this number of the *Sheaf*." We hesitate, however, for we would fain retain our position on the staff of this flourishing university journal. Material remuneration is obscure, but the honor of our position, highly prized.

Not ours to shirk a glorious duty!

Since the last issue of the *Sheaf*, the weeks have slipped by, bringing examinations ever nearer, and giving us all too brief a time in which to attend lectures, literary meetings, hockey games, debates, theatre nights, and functions. The exams themselves could not possibly have come any earlier, for Convocation this year is on the first day of May. At times we have thought that too many societies persisted in a struggle for existence, for it is not only the occasional general meeting of any one society itself which takes the time: it is the work that must be done by the executives in prep-

aration. And too often we find the same few students figuring actively on far more than their share of committees. There should be division of labor in this as in other things, as Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors will do well to note for future reference. Such conditions are, undoubtedly, due to an unprecedented year, and also, possibly, to reaction after the war. At any rate, as a college, we can lay claim to having played the game with the rest. Especially proud are we in the way in which our animal husbandry specialists acquitted themselves on their interprovincial stock-judging excursion. We realize what careful training on the part of the students, and care and patient teaching on the part of the professors, was necessary to produce such efficiency, and yet, in looking ahead, we see big things for the future. Upon the pioneers in such work falls the hardship, but they are building up the tradition which is an essential part of any college and university, and which lends to the morale of succeeding generations of students.

Questions regarding democracy are bound to arise where some with broad worldly experience first come to college and find themselves, apparently, restricted by unwritten laws concerning the rights and privileges of students in the respective Years. True, it is that there are certain customs at college which seem directly opposed to democracy, but for a few to take a hasty interpretation of the situation and to break away from all college custom in the matter, is unwise. This seems to have been the attitude of certain Freshmen on Theatre Night, who did not support their college as they should have done, instead preferring to purchase more distinguished seats in the stalls. While the matter is not serious in itself, it shows a lack of University spirit—something which we cannot afford to lose in the West. It should be remembered that at times personal preference must be over-ruled by public opinion for the sake of the common welfare—which is true democracy. This is equally applicable to matters pertaining to Universitas Saskatchewanensis, of which S.A.C. is an integral part.

C. S. Hallman is not completing his Year for various reasons, but has not left us altogether. We congratulate him upon his appointment to the position of Assistant Director of the Boys' and Girls' Club Department in this province, and hope to see him back at Saskatchewan before long, completing his degree.

Brandon Judging Competition

Chief amongst the various events which have distinguished Saskatchewan this year are the accomplishments of the Senior Animal Husbandry Class at the Brandon Winter Fair. Prof. Tisdale entered the following students in the judging competition there: H. B. Summerfeld, A. J. Fahl, G. A. Mutch, P. Warren, W. A. Thomson, J. F. Booth and J. Waddell. Twenty-nine students, accompanied by Prof. Woods, represented Manitoba Agricultural College.

The judging took place on Tuesday, March 4th, and consisted of placing two classes of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and giving reasons on one class in each. There were two classes of horses, draft and agricultural; of cattle, beef steers and senior calves; of sheep, Oxford and Leicester market wethers; and in swine, bacon and lard hogs. Fifteen minutes only was allotted for judging each class, and these eight classes were judged in the morning. Reasons were given on the first-mentioned of each of the above classes, and orally in the afternoon.

The prizes competed for were: a silver cup, awarded for the highest individual grand aggregate; a gold medal for first, and a silver medal for second in each class of live stock. H. B. Summerfeld captured the silver cup, with the excellent score of 527 out of a possible 600. He also won second in sheep. A. T. Fahl took the gold medal in sheep, and J. Waddell did the same in horses, while W. A. Thomson won second prize in swine. Saskatchewan's seven men were all included in the first twelve places. Five Saskatch-

ewan men were among the first 6, making a total score between them of 2541 out of a possible 3000. Manitoba's five high men scored 2483.

Credit is due the team, the college, and especially Professor Tisdale, for such a successful journey. We hope that this year's work is only a preliminary to what will follow in the future, when our judging team and interprovincial competitions will be just as much a matter of course as our athletic team.

On Wednesday, February 26th, the College gave a "Japanese Masquerade Ball" in Convocation Hall. Japanese costumes, decorations, refreshments and seating accommodation all helped to make the function a success, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Farewell Dinner

This year the usual farewell function to the students by the Faculty of Agriculture, took the form of a dinner on March 14th in Cairns' Cafe. The room was decorated in blue and white and over each table was a sign very fitting to the company there assembled—such as "Best Marquis—Specially Selected Heads," "Carefully and Thoroughly Mixed," etc., which gave a truly agricultural atmosphere to the dinner.

After partaking of several dishes, named as befitted the occasion, Baker's Pride, Harvesters' Rolls, Combination Agricultural, Dairy Delight, and so on, the chairman, Dean Rutherford, proposed the toast to the King. This was followed by a very good humorous reading by Mr. R. H. Potter, which was heartily encored. Then came the toast to the University, by J. F. Booth, in which he spoke of the spirit of the University and the excellence of our faculty. After drinking the toast all joined in the University song and yell. Professor Greig replied, and gave a very vivid description of the early days of the University, when

the campus was the happy hunting-ground of Indians and coyotes. He spoke emphatically of the privileges enjoyed by the University student and of his duty to the state, to whom we are indebted for an education.

Very pleasing, indeed, was the 'cello solo by Percy Denton, which followed this address. Both the player and his 'cello have seen active service in the trenches and rest camps behind the lines in providing entertainment for the men. G. B. Bodman proposed the toast to the College of Agriculture, drawing attention to the unique opportunities which were open to students at Saskatchewan above any sister college. Everyone joined in the Agro yell, after which Prof. Baker replied to the toast. He mentioned the importance of our graduates advertising S.A.C. by the quality of their work, and gave many humorous illustrations throughout his address. Cpl. Darby, who had been with Percy Denton in France, then gave a good display of ventriloquism. The toast to "Our Province" was given by Prof. K. G. MacKay, who stated that while Saskatchewan had many huge assets, not the least of these was its young people, who were well represented that night. The reply was given by Prof. Bracken who gave some interesting figures concerning the fertility of the soil. Still further entertainment was provided by Messrs. Denton and Darby, and E. F. McGarvey gave a solo. Lantern slides of "Some Wild Men We Have Met" were thrown upon a screen, and represented members of Faculty and student body in characteristic poses. The programme closed with "Auld Lang Syne."

The students take this opportunity of extending their thanks and appreciation to the Faculty of Agriculture and the ladies who worked so hard to make the evening such a success.

Miss —: "I see there is to be another meeting of Year '21, today."

Mr. B——d: "Yes. I think it is about time for Year '21 to have a meet-less day, don't you?"

A Little Bird Whispers

Locals Editor: G. F. Boyd, '21.

"To those who spread the infection of merriment, may they never be quarantined."

On The Trail of the Elusive Humor

Time: Following the appearance of a notice—"All material for the *Sheaf* must be handed in not later than——."

Place: University.

Dramatis Personae: Editor of Humor Column, Students.

Editor: "Do you know of anything funny for the *Sheaf*?"

First Student: "Honestly, I haven't noticed anything funny since our professors quit growing and cutting off their mustaches."

Later—Editor: "Anything funny happen at your table, today? I noticed you laughing a lot over something: I am stuck for wheezes for the *Sheaf*."

Second Student: "Nothing funny, except a new kind of pudding, which was no joke, atall, atall! No, sir!"

Later still—Editor: "Anything humorous happened around this institution, suitable for the *Sheaf* locals?"

Third Student: "Somebody swiped Mr. ——'s trousers, and that sleepy cuss, Mr. ——, went to sleep in a lecture yesterday."

Editor's Soliloquy: "Imagine! Just fancy, writing up such humor as a slumber in a lecture, and what will the public think of swiping nether garments as high and lofty samples of university wit? What do our students laugh at I wonder? I will inquire of Mr. Mac——."

Editor: "Say, Mac, has anything tickled your funny bone, lately?"

Mac——: "I did hear some fellows laughing some time ago, but I don't know what the joke was. I'll think over what they said and tell you later if I find out the joke."

Still later—Editor: "Do you know of anything in the line of mirth?"

Fourth Student: "Mirth? If you had as many essays overdue as I have, mirth would be eliminated from your vocabulary entirely: where do you get that stuff about this being a mirthful world?"

Editor (last soliloquy): "Oh mirth, thou art elusive!"

To Eggs pose or Not to Eggs pose

The controversy over the mortar boards reminds us of the wars of the Lilliputians, over which way an egg should be opened.

The problem, now, is how to adorn the egg.

Egg straordinary

Miss —: "Where do you get the fresh eggs around the farm here?"

Agro: "From the Poultry Plant."

Miss —: "What kind of a plant?"

Agro: "An egg plant."

Weary One: "I wish to be excused from physical-training classes."

Instructor: "Why? Do you take sufficient exercise to allow you to neglect drill?"

Weary One: "Yes, I drink three cups of coffee out of one of those new cups in the morning, and, believe me! those dining room cups are some dumb-bells!"

Miss C—: "If you need a water bath any time, I will give you one."

Mr. N—: "I don't need one."

Miss R—d: "Do you take economics?"

Mr. A—d—n: "Yes."

Miss R—: "What class—Rural Economics, Money and Banking, or what?"

Mr. A—: "I don't know, I wasn't there the first lecture."

Close Friendship

Mr. H—z—n (below window): "Will you come for a walk, today?"

Miss G—d—r (above): "Yes, if you will keep your distance."

Mr. H—: "How far is that?"

Mr. G—: "Ten feet for measles."

We notice at the hockey games there is a tendency to be scrappy over "Mutch."

Famous Saying of Future Famous Men

Mr. Vigor: "I have been asked to announce."

Mr. How: "I have a lecture every day, except Saturday."

Mr. O. R. Thompson: "That bath was sure cold."

Famous Saying of Famous Men

Dr. Weaver: "How's the caff? Good morning."

The Agros wish to announce that they are conducting swimming classes, whenever necessity demands, for the benefit of all Arts students of active habits. These are personally supervised, and promise to be a success, judging from the number of prominent people who attended the inaugural classes.

Literary Review

"The Cold Dip or Midnight Revels in a Pool," by "Tank."
—A short breezy little adventure, different from the old humdrum style of story. This tale contains much food for moralizing.

"My Adventures Among the Wild Agros," by "Sully."—
A bit of pathos which grips the heartstrings of the most hardened.

"Never Again or The Long Trail." Anonymous. A tale of travels from Avenue I and beyond, in the "wee sma' 'ours." An interesting bit of wayside gleanings by one who has studied the situation closely.

*O, TO BE IN VARSITY, NOW THAT
APRIL'S HERE!*



*Compare, laying due emphasis on the casual qualities,
the characters of Tom Jones and Lady McBeth.*



Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea.
 —O. W. Holmes.

WE are not in the habit of moralizing in this page. Expected too often to “forge the anchors of thought” elsewhere in the various branches of Science, we have taken the chance here to “spin the gossamers.” But passing another milestone in our College course “brings hope with it and forward-looking thoughts.” Ay, and backward.

For seven months we have been rubbing each other's angles down—at Initiation and on less important occasions—and found we were not quite angels, perhaps. Yet, we have learned to bear and forbear. When the racked brain craved solitude, we have smiled, “Come in”; when all sound served to scare the fluttering idea, we have tried to persuade ourselves, “Music hath charms.” All our knowledge has not been gleaned from books; we have studied human nature at first hand in “living epistles.” We have gained strength from the strong, courage from the stout of heart, exhilaration from the enthusiast, warmth and cheer from sunny souls

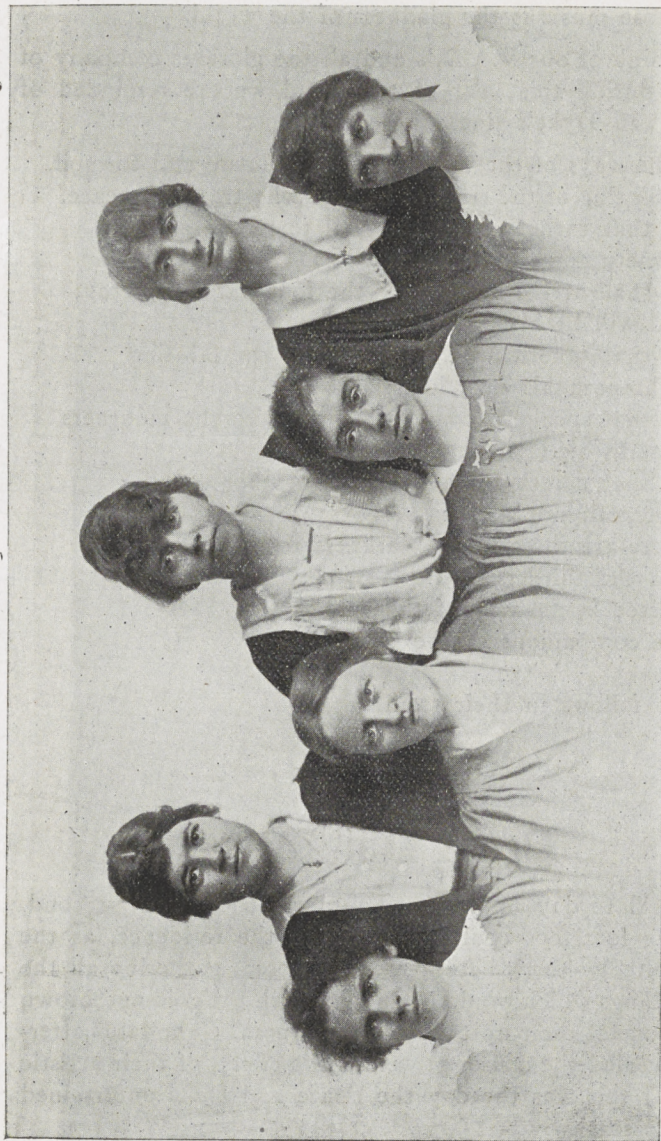
radiating good-comradeship and the gladness of life. As we realized that our principles were being strengthened and our ideals ennobled by contact with other lives, the power of personal influence was borne in upon us, and we resolved to walk more worthily all our days. Week by week, in our Bible study, the light of Christian truth, as revealed in the records, has made clear much that before seemed dim.

We have seen visions, perhaps—visions of service in the world outside which looks to us for leaders and the highest type of womanhood. Nebulous ambitions have taken shape, and stood transfigured with hand beckoning to peaks of fame and valleys of service, and in these “hours of insight” are planned the tasks to be fulfilled in more prosaic years to come. And, after all, life’s success may be measured, not by dollars and cents, not by the accumulation of knowledge alone, but by its effects on other lives. We grow by giving. We realize our highest possibilities in service. But these are platitudes. Hear George Elliott’s poetical expression of the same idea.

“O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence urge man’s search
To vaster issues.

 This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us to strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And, in diffusion, ever more intense.

PENTE KAI DEKA



A. Staples (President)	E. Perley (Music and Drama)	G. Shannon (Debating)	K. Prescott (Treasurer)
	Mrs. W. P. Thompson (Hon. President)	E. Hall (Vice President)	V. Mooney (Secretary)

So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

We think of our V.A.D.'s and all the glorious company of helpers during this year of trial, and we are reminded of Henry Van Dyke's lines:

"The ways of the world are full of haste and turmoil.
I will sing of the tribe of helpers who travel in peace.
He that turneth from the goal to rescue another
Turneth toward his goal:
He shall arrive in time by the foot path of mercy;
God will be his guide.
He that taketh up the burdens of the fainting
Lighteneth his own load:
He that speaketh comforting words to the mourners
Healeth his own hurt:
He that careth for a wounded brother
Watcheth not alone:
There are three in the darkness together,
And the third is God.
Blessed is the way of the helpers
The companions of the Christ."

"Who follows in their train?"

Pente Kai Deka

All Saturday morning, February the twenty-second, scurrying footsteps could be heard in the residence, as the girls excitedly hurried from room to room, gathering all the pretty things which would harmonize with the gold and brown decorations of their upstairs common room. The later afternoon revealed the cause, as well as the effect, of their artistic work, for this was the day the Pente Kai Deka entertained the professors' wives.

Miss Tennant and Mrs. Thompson, relieved by Mrs. Shaw

Y.W.C.A.



W. Shiel	K. Manson	E. McKenzie	H. English	E. Hart	S. Nethery
(Vice President)	(Secretary)	(Bible Study)	(President)	(Conference Com.)	(Treasurer)
G. Francis	M. Pritchard	M. Buttery	Miss Tennant	R. Russell	E. Terley
(Social Service)	(Mission Study)	(Rec. Sec'y)	(Hon. Pres.)	(Membership Com.)	(Prayer Circle and Gen. Meetings)

and Mrs. Rutherford, poured tea, while Miss Grant cut the ices. Soft strains of music filled the air, as the girls in their daintiest afternoon dresses fluttered to and fro, some serving refreshments, others chatting happily to the various groups of ladies.

Dainty daffodils lent a glow of happiness and color which helped to make it for all a truly golden afternoon.

Mrs. Murray has kindly invited the Pente Kai Deka to her home on March twenty-second. Needless to say, the girls are eagerly looking forward to this. To add further interest, Miss Bayer and Mrs. Dines are to assist with the program. This will be the best and most interesting meeting of the year,—V. M.

P. W. C. A.

OUR Y.W.C.A. activities for the year '18-'19 began with an informal reception for the Freshettes in the form of a camp-fire meet, at which about one hundred girls made merry with toasted sausages, buns, apples, laughter, and songs.

We had planned to unite with the Y.M.C.A. in giving the annual reception to all newcomers, but, owing to the "flu", this had to be cancelled.

A number of fairly well attended general meetings have been held, at two of which we were fortunate enough to have our Western Student Secretary, Miss Lowe, address us, first, on the aims and purpose of the Y.W.C.A., and, later, on her work in Social Service.

February 14th saw Convocation Hall decorated artistically for the annual Y.W. Bazaar. A very successful afternoon was spent, and a good sum realized from the sale of pennants, posters, candy, and afternoon tea, and from the fortune-telling. With the proceeds, we hope to be able to send at least five delegates to the summer Conference.

The Bible Study class, organized by Miss McKenzie and conducted by Dr. Sharrard, has exceeded our greatest expectations. Dr. Sharrard, with his extensive knowledge of Hebrew literature, and Oriental people, has presented to us in a most stimulating and vital form, a wealth of New Testament truths. That his efforts have been appreciated is manifested by the enthusiastic attendance throughout.

The morning Prayer Circle, under Miss Perley's direction, and led by each girl in turn, has likewise proved a success. The attendance has been better than ever before.

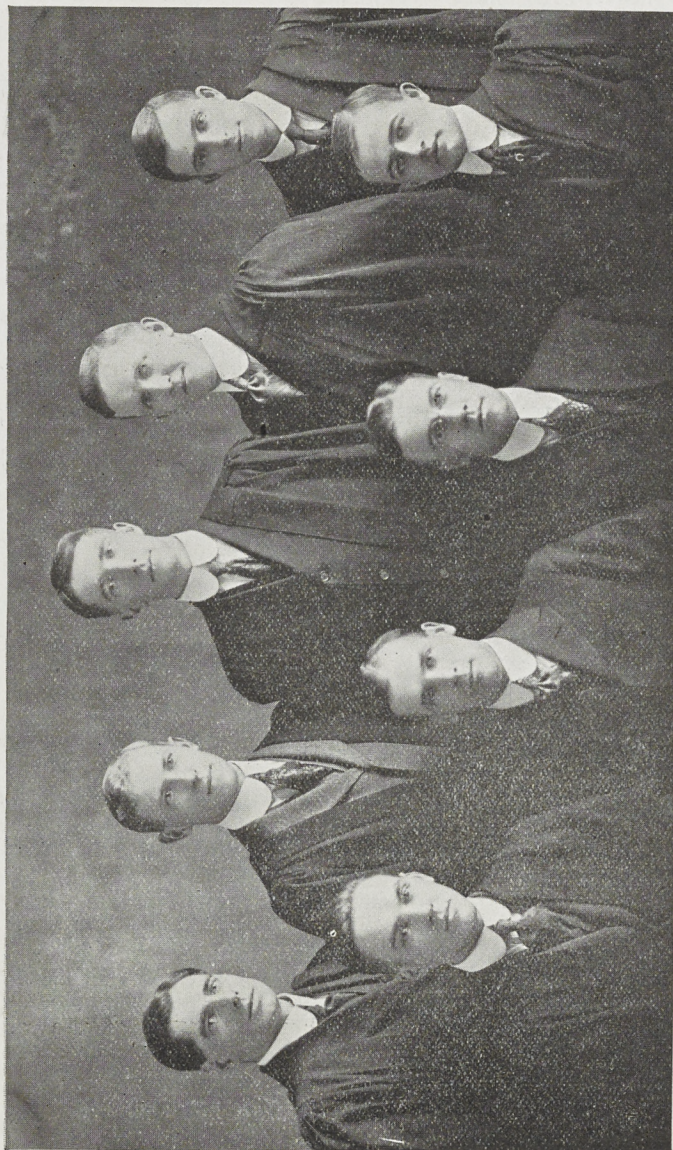
The Missionary campaign, though coming in the midst of a rush of other activities, received the hearty co-operation of all, and as a result, our objective of \$500 was slightly exceeded. Considerable impetus was given to the campaign by the addresses of Miss Beatty, Mr. Clarke, and Dr. Sharrard.

D. M. C. A.

ANOTHER academic year draws to a close and the executives of the various organizations are laying down the reins of office with mixed feelings of success and failure.

Perhaps no executive would allow to go unchallenged a criticism that they had failed to serve the best interests of the society, but at the same time, no executive for 1918-19 would say that this year has been the most successful since the inauguration of the society. This, however, has been owing to things over which executives have no control. In the Fall term especially, and also during this term, the activities of many societies were curtailed by the epidemic which has encompassed the world, and the programme of the Y. M. C. A. suffered in common with the other organizations. Still, as we look at the ebb and flow of the tide, we think that the tide has been by no means an ebb tide, and that the Y. M. C. A. has played its part in ministering to the moral and spiritual development of the student body.

Y.M.C.A.



A. R. Nash
(Mission Study)

W. S. Benson
(Sunday Service)

O. D. Davidson
(Membership)

P. H. Maguire
(Treasurer)

A. S. Dainton
(Reporter)

W. S. Stainsby
(Secretary)

J. Graham
(President)

Prof. S. Basterfield
(Hon. President)

G. A. Bate
(Vice President)

The services, held weekly on Sunday evenings, during the Fall term, were highly appreciated and enjoyed by all the students in residence. The Sunday morning class, conducted by the Honorary President, Professor Basterfield, has been very successful and the discussions have often been intensely interesting and beneficial. The Common Room talks by Drs. Sharrard, Alexander, Magilvery, and Hogg, were very enlightening and stimulating, and it is to be regretted that time did not permit the full programme of speakers to be carried out.

At the time of going to press, the elections for the new executive are being held. The members of the retiring executive, with the experience of the past year, and a consciousness of the importance of the work in the future, hand over the responsibilities of office, confident that success will ever attend the "Y.M.," because it supplies a need in university life. The motto of the Y.M.C.A. is service—service *Deo et Patriae*.

College of Law

Editor, J. G. Diefenbaker, M.A.

DURING the present term come of our Machiavellian-minded Seniors have had considerable difficulty in keeping certain of the new-comers in the proper spirit of humility. Trials of the offenders, which had not been necessary during the past two years, were revived.

In the first of these cases, one, L—h B—r, charged with having committed a fraud on the complainant, was, after due deliberation by the court, found "guilty," and a punishment commensurate with the crime was meted out. His

counsel, Mr. Emmett Hall, contended that as the culprit was ignorant of our laws, he should be excused, but Mr. Justice Blackburn, in pronouncing judgment, stated that such an excuse, under the rules of the Students' Court, would only be applicable where the accused was *non compo mentes*, and, as direct evidence had not been given as to this matter, it did not afford the accused a loop-hole.

In a subsequent case, several young gentlemen of rash disposition, namely Roy, Eric, William and Robert, were indicted on a charge in the nature of conspiracy, but were found "not guilty" on technical objections to the charge, raised by the counsel.

The College of Law has held two moot-trials this year; in the first, held on January 20th, the point at issue being the liability of Trade Unions for damages, resulting through third parties losing profits to which they otherwise would have been entitled, had there been no strike. Counsel for the plaintiffs were Messrs. Diefenbaker and Hall, and for the defendants, Messrs. Kleven and MacLaren. Professor Estey, who acted as judge, gave judgment in favor of the plaintiffs with costs.

The Freshmen held a moot-trial in February, with Dean Moxon as judge. The subject of the trial was on an abstruse point of law concerning false pretences. Messrs. Gilmour and Bruce appeared for the Crown, and Messrs. Balfour and Wilson for the defence. The accused was indicted under three counts and the best his counsel could do was to secure his acquittal on two.

Women and Law

WHEN pre-historic Man went forth in quest of food, he took, for his companion, Woman. With the introduction of fire, Woman was left at home and division of labor was instituted. Man decided that he would provide food, and that Woman should take care of the dwell-

ing, cook the food, look after the children and manage domestic affairs generally. The system was highly developed. Man prohibited Woman from trespassing in his domain. Woman held unquestionable sway in her peculiar sphere. Then, one day, Man discovered that Woman could perform certain elementary tasks hitherto performed by himself, and the beauty of it was that Woman's labor was cheap—very cheap. At the time, Woman discovered she was tired of the bonds that restricted her to the house. She was fascinated by the glitter of Man's kingdom. Her own confines were too familiar, and uninteresting, and cramped. She longed to break bounds and taste novelty and freedom. And so, even though her labor was lightly priced, she ventured forth and produced the species known as "the business girl." It was only a short step from the business girl to the professional. As a result, today we have women in all professions, even in those that were once considered exclusively masculine.

There are not yet many of the gentler sex in law. But their ranks are growing. There is no reason why women should not make as efficient and successful barristers as men. It has been suggested that women are too flippant and irresponsible, that they cannot stand the grind incident to the study of law. It is not so. Women assume a frivolous and gay manner because men insist upon being amused. But give a woman a task worth while, requiring patient study and years of training, and she will accomplish that task more thoroughly and with less fuss than her brother. Every woman entering law has a definite purpose in view. She has a harder task than man, for she has to break down conventional ideas and prejudices, adapt herself to a different mode of life and establish a precedent for her sisters to follow. She is a pioneer. There is a great mass of people waiting to follow her as soon as she has blazed the trail. She dare not fail, for failure may set back the progress of her sex by ten years. Therefore, she is constrained to bend all her energies to her work.

As yet this province does not permit women to plead in

court. Is it because men think that women are incapable of conducting their cases in a businesslike manner? Can it be feared that women do not make good speakers? They talk constantly. How can their powers be judged until they are exhibited? When women have gone through the same term of apprenticeship, have passed the same examinations, they should be given the same rewards and privileges. Or, are men a little unwilling to give up entirely their monopoly of law? Do they want to keep the sweetest part for themselves a little longer? Let them enjoy their monopoly to the full. They will soon be forced to allow women equal rights and privileges, and also their share of the burdens of the world.

Meanwhile, our lady law-students will prove the truth of the old maxim, "What man has done, woman can do."—*Miss E. Hall.*

Social

Social Editor: Christine Sinton. '20

IT is with a trembling hand that we venture to push open the door at the entrance to the temple of the tyrant-goddess. What horrible rites of this "Religion of Social Affairs" will meet our timorous glance? The devotees maintain so strict a secrecy as to their ceremonies and worship that a chill foreboding assails our hearts as we imagine what strange fascination this worship must possess to keep its disciples ever eager and devoted.

We enter with the warning ringing in our ears that only two ceremonies are suitable for the eyes of unbelievers. The first, to our amazement, is a crowded theatre, gay with green and white streamers, and noisy with the chatter of sixty girls. A roar and a rumble echoes continually from above, but its cause is not apparent. We behold a marvellous play enact itself on the stage, and hear unbecoming hilarity when a tall, prominent lady nonchalantly steps over her husband. We

see gifts of flowers being brought forward to the stage, and conclude that these are religious offerings. One particularly devout band of followers occupies the front seats and in a body performs the ceremony, with respectful and downcast countenances. The crowd finally leaves the theatre, but, in the manner of true disciples, they continue their worship in divers places, striving, vainly alas, to equal the marvellous performances of the high-priestess "Letty."

The second scene shows large crowds thronging the corridors of our own Arts Building, and gathering in Convocation Hall. We are amazed to see another play, and decide that the stage must be a favorite shrine of the powerful goddess. Various forms of worship afterwards take place, dancing being the most religiously attended. We learn that this is the *Conversat*, an annual rite.

Too soon do these pictures fade away and we are forced to leave. As we are hurried out we catch brief glimpses of passionate disciples crowding a door marked 130 and filling a room known as the Girls' Common Room. These, however, are sacred precincts, and are guarded carefully from the uninitiated. We depart, still dubious as to the strange power of this "Religion of Social Affairs."

The Casual Observer

Mr. M. H—n (angrily): "Did you call me a farmer?"

Mr. ———: "N-n-no, but I've seen you out with a gardiner once or twice."

Emmanuel College

Editor, A. B. C. Douthwaite '18

FEW institutions have been so depleted and almost entirely dismembered both in Staff and students as has Emmanuel College. Seven students and the Lecturer in Apologetics, the Ven. Archdeacon Dewdney as Acting Principal, and a Graduate Lecturer in History compose the total. It is certainly a "day of small things," but we are glad to think that, the war over, Emmanuel will return from the Front shortly, and a day of greater things will dawn.

Four out of the seven students now here have returned from service; Hughes from France, Smith (C.A.M.C.) from England, Proctor from Regina, and Douthwaite from Beamsville.

News received from time to time, informs that the boys are waiting with eagerness to get back to their work. We are glad that so many are able to do so. R. Lavers, M.M., A. G. Starkings, and W. T. Wesley-Long are those who have paid the supreme sacrifice, and will be missed greatly in the College life.

In the meantime, Emmanuel is not dead. In the sphere of debate, its representatives have acquitted themselves well and won praise, one is President of the Literary Society, and another active in the Varsity Y.M.C.A.

In the old days we used to shout—more because it tickled us to say it in Latin than because we meant it—"Floreat Emmanuel." Today it is a heartfelt wish which we voice in deadly earnest—it is more, it is a prayer. In the problems ahead of both boys and Staff, we of Old Emmanuel wish all progress and prosperity in the founding of the New Emmanuel, composed of heroes of a hundred battles, returning to wage the bloodless, but not less sincere war for the uplift, social and moral, of the Great West.

College of Pharmacy

Editor, Miss M. E. Dick

The Elections

Hon. President—Prof. Campbell.

President—Mr. Goule

Vice President—Mrs. A. Staples.

Secretary—Mr. Chisholm.

Treasurer—Mr. Lipsett.

Executive Committee—Mr. McRae, "Tom" McAllister, Miss Dick.

The first social event of the year was the Pharmacy Theatre Party on February 15th. All were impressed with the charms of "Marjorie." After a most hilarious and altogether enjoyable time—lunch at the Elite—street cars unassaulted!!(?)

Madame Rumor predicts a Pharmacy banquet at the King George.—(??)

We are sorry that illness has compelled Miss Waddell to return home "at the eleventh hour."

Pharmacy has shown an interest in sports, having a classmate, Mr. Lipsett, who is a member of the distinguished Varsity team.

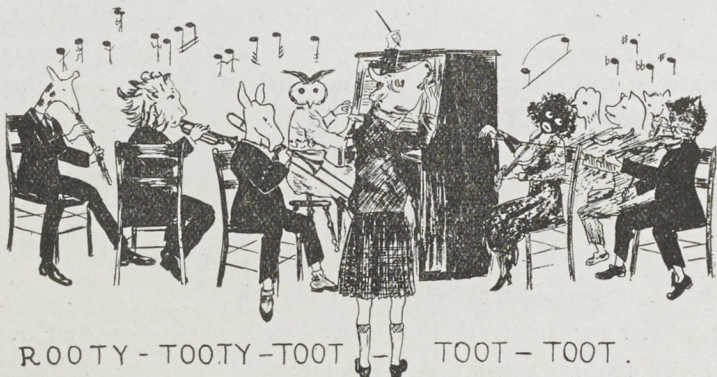
The Pharmacist

If you suffer badly from the toothache or the gout,
Or any other ailment, classed as chronic,
Just call for aid from Pharmacy—we'll very soon find out
If you require a coffin or—a tonic.

If you've got a pain in the back
And pains all over the shop,
Lumbago, mumps, a fit of the jumps,
A touch of the pipity pop!
Call on the student of Pharmacy
And don't go any farther;
Aches and pains and varicose veins:
We can cure them—Rather!! —C.

The term, which has been "all too short," is fast approaching an end. However, we hope our training will prove efficient enough to tide us over the attack of "examination phobia."

Now we bid farewell, extending a hearty wish for a "non-influenzed" course next year.





Military

Editor: J. Cameron, '19.

AS this is the last issue of the *Sheaf* for this year, it will also probably be the last issue to contain a "Military Section." Our troops are returning to Canada at a rate that should see all of the men who enlisted from the University, nicely into "civvies" some time before publication is resumed in the autumn; so, our military constituency having disappeared, there is no course open to us but to admit, as gracefully as possible, that our work, insofar as it pertains to things military, is done.

An Order-in-Council, which recently emanated from Ottawa, set aside a considerable sum of money for the purpose of reimbursing the regimental funds of the different Canadian Militia Units, these funds having been utilized to the vanishing point in the work of recruiting the active service battalions. The idea is that thereby these Militia Units will be enabled to go ahead and reorganize, and tucked away in the schedule, which formed part of the Order-in-Council, was an item of \$100 for the Officers' Training Corps of the University of Saskatchewan.

We do not pretend to have the least idea as to what disposal it is proposed to make of this magnificent sum, but we sincerely hope that means will be found to either write it off against amounts already expended, or else leave it untouched. The average returned man, and, above all, the average man who went overseas from our University, has seen quite enough of war. He recognises the waste, the futility, the absolute idiocy of the whole performance; and is quite of the opinion that there is something wrong with our boasted civilization when it allows nations to pursue a method of settling their quarrels, that would not be tolerated

for a moment in the settlement of the differences arising between smaller units of our body politic.

The idea that this was a "war to end war" was the idea behind the enlistment of the majority of our citizen soldiery, and unless some arrangement can be arrived at by the nations of the world, which will make a repetition of the holocaust of the last four years impossible, then they will, indeed, consider their work in vain; and worse still, in vain will be the sacrifice of those gallant spirits, many of them the flower of our era, who gave up their lives in the defense of the Idea.

"Preparedness" is a bit of a fetish in some quarters, but to talk military preparedness at this juncture is, surely, on a par with the old proposition of "locking the stable after the horse is stolen." Therefore, we hope that the idea of an Officers' Training Corps for Saskatchewan will die as suddenly as it has been born. We trust that militarism is dead, and with it on its bier, we expect to find all its adjuncts.

Notes on Mesopotamia and the Persian Gulf

By Allan S. Kyle, who visited Mesopotamia on his trip
in the interest of the Y. M. C. A.

HISTORICAL—Nobody can fail to be interested in Mesopotamia. There is no country in the world with such a history. This land, or the wild upland region to the north-west of it, was, in all probability, the cradle of the human race. It was here that our earliest forefathers first awoke to the consciousness of purposeful activity.

To the soldier the land is of surpassing interest. Some of the greatest and most decisive battles of the world's history were fought on this historic ground. It has seen the quarrels of petty princes in the early days of civilization, it has seen the charges of Assyrian chariots, and the massed formation of the Persian hordes. Cities, whose only relics now are a few stones in a desert waste, have been besieged and defended, pillaged and plundered, now by rival and adjacent states, now by wild barbarians from the steppes of Asia.

To the Bible student, too, it is full of significance. Here you may see, as you creep slowly up the River Tigris, the reputed site of the Garden of Eden; away to the north-west—a ruined city—lie the remains of Babylon, built round the tower of Babel; farther north still is Mosul, the ancient Nineveh, round which centres the story of Jonah; before reaching Amara, the left bank discloses the domed tomb of Ezra, the Hebrew prophet, set in a clump of palm trees. By these same waters, the exiled captives, from the Jewish hill-country across the desert to the west, “sat down and wept”; and their descendants are here to this day.

And just as this country is of interest to the soldier and to the Biblical student, so it is also of engrossing interest to the student of history. Within historical times, empire after empire, long since passed away, has here risen, flourished and fallen. Assyria, with its capital at Nineveh; Babylonia, with all the magnificence of the city from which it took its name; Persia, with its city of palaces, Susa (Shushan—where Eshter was queen), away to the north-east of the foothills; the domains of Alexander the Great, whose successors established themselves at Selencia; the kingdom of the Parthians, who subdued Selencia and built the great capital, Ctesiphon. Later on the Roman Empire held sway here, and in more modern times the great Mohammedan Caliphate of Baghdad. Thus, for the Mohammedan as well as for the Jew and Christian, this land has holy places.

Political—Mesopotamia along with the greater portion of Arabia on the left bank of the Persian Gulf, has been for many years in the hands of the Turks. The Turk has a genius for misgovernment, oppression, and sticking-in-the-mud. Wherever he goes, he makes a desert. It has, therefore, fallen to the lot of the British, during the past century, to undertake the greater part of the development of this region. British sea power, the diplomatic efforts of British residents, and British commerce have combined: (i) To suppress the slave trade and piracy; (ii) to preserve peace and develop trade in the Persian Gulf; (iii) To open up the

Tigris and Euphrates to navigation; (iv) to survey the coasts and rivers, and produce navigation charts.

The consequence of this may be seen in the fact that in the year 1910 the British had 87 per cent. of the trade in the Persian Gulf. In recent years much has been heard of the German-Bagdad Railway scheme, to link up Berlin with Busra. The interest of Great Britain in this was vital. Its success would have meant the opening of a new and quicker route to India, a route controlled by Germany. Further, it would have meant a German challenge to the British commercial supremacy in the Gulf.—*Kyle*.

Pte. Paul Wiklund



Paul. P. Wiklund was born in Skellefteo, Sweden, and came to Saskatchewan from Dakota with his parents in 1904. In the autumn of 1915 he registered in Arts and Science with Year '19, was awarded an undergraduate scholarship and purposed specializing in physics. But he gave up his cherished ambition to join the Army Medical Corps, and was killed in the big spring drive on Mar. 28, 1918.

In the death of Paul Wiklund, those of us who knew him intimately, realize that we have lost one of our noblest and best. He died as he had lived—loyal, devoted, faithful and true. Need anything be added to his creed, which, after his death, was found written in his pocket bible:

MY CREED

"I would be true, for there are those that trust me;
 I would be pure, for there are those who care;
 I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
 I would be friend to all—the foe, the friendless;
 I would be giving, and forget the gift;
 I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
 I would look up, and laugh and love and lift."

—W.F.L.

Normal Notes

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
 Moves on. Nor all your piety nor wit
 Will lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

OUR course is done, and like ships on the wide ocean,
 we meet, signal each other, and pass on to the great
 horizon of the unknown. This is the dividing line
 between irresponsible youth and responsible manhood and
 womanhood. We now take our places
This Snap Shot in the world of realities—that world
Normal Course which beckons and lures us on to lives
 of service for mankind. Our capital is,
 indeed, small, for often we have practiced that well-known
 academic maxim: "Never let your studies interfere with
 your college education." But that opportunity is past,
 "the moving finger writes," and a new duty faces each of
 us.

While at Normal, we have felt the force of Colton's remark:
 "Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write, but
 error is a scribbled one which we must first erase." We
 have found many things to erase, for all of us have been

victims of Chinese philosophy. We are in the class of "pink splints for anaemic thinkers," and the knowledge that our class does not belong to the genus of clear thinking has been a distinct shock to our erstwhile stable and balanced minds. Many of us have longed for the fabled "tabula rasa" upon which we might have established neurone systems without having had the necessity of resorting to a frequent use of the eraser. But the upheaval which has taken place during this "snap shot Normal course," has given us inspiration, and opened up new vistas of highways and by-ways, upon which we may travel in the years to come. We earnestly hope that this cursory glance may result in saner teaching, a clearer idea of the part which the personality of the teacher plays, and a realization that self-activity on the part of the child is an essential in the development of the child's inherent proclivities.

AS an outcome of the war, people have been awakened to existing conditions in our own land. Certain phases of national life have been given greater emphasis, and these have been brought before the public notice.

The Non-English Problem

In the western provinces, one question of great importance, which is being widely advocated, is the education of the non-English children. This has been accentuated by the Great War. The so-called "foreigner" has been placed prominently in the foreground of public attention. Disturbances have occurred all over the Dominion during the last four and a half years. We have felt that these people have not been assimilated as they might have been. We have failed to make good Canadian citizens out of those whom we have invited to our shores. As a people, the Canadians are waking up to the fact that these non-English people must be taught our ideals and customs. It is natural that the older people will retain much of their affection for their home land, and their native customs and manners. It is to the young, then, that we must turn our attention.

This work has been undertaken on an extensive scale by Dr. J. T. M. Anderson. As superintendent of non-English schools in Saskatchewan, Dr. Anderson has a difficult task which can be accomplished only by the co-operation of the proletariat. He must have the sympathy of the province behind him, but more particularly must he have the help and assistance of the teaching profession. If the teachers of the province do not see the great need, and realize that it is their responsibility and privilege, we can scarcely expect to enlist the sympathy of the masses. We are greatly indebted to Dr. Anderson for the enlightening talks which it was the good fortune of the Normal students to hear. We have had placed before us the many opportunities open to men and women with high ideals. The difficulties have not been minimized, but, instead of hindering the work, these should be a challenge to those of us who are in the present Normal classes. These non-English children are waiting for trained Canadian teachers. Let us accept the challenge, and do our share in making Canada Canadian, and Saskatchewan safe for democracy.

A Rosecratic Dialogue

(With apologies to the mountain of thought of whom all later philosophers are "detached boulders.")

AS Rosecrates was walking leisurely down Chinatown, deep in philosophic contemplation, when he encountered a member of the ancient order of the Polyfliois Bioistes who instantly began thus: "If I am not deceived, I understand you to say unity cannot be divided."

"You are as correct in your conjecture as if your soul had been unspotted from the world."

"Nay, but, did not dear teacher cut an apple in two equal parts, place one in a jar of alcohol and, labelling it 'one $\frac{1}{2}$ ', set it away in the corner cupboard museum for reference? Obviously, it can be done."

"Excellent, indeed. It is more easily preserved than a

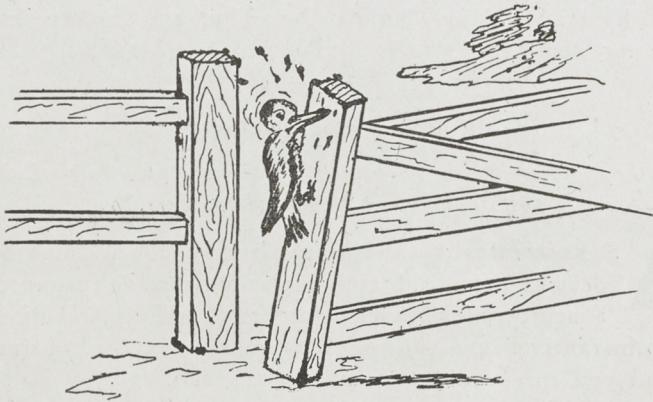
piece of lemon pie—I prefer pumpkin, myself, the kind they make in old, rockribbed Ontario, or Butte city, Montana.”

“Do you also maintain that number exists not in the empirical world of sense, and matter but in the a priori field of pure thought?”

“Most certainly I do. Make me a number two. Seek me out cunning workmen that they may fashion it, pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste. Hang it in a safe place in the school room, for—

‘Little Mabel may lean o’er the table
In search of the number two;
The other young rebels may swipe all the pebbles
And make little Mabel, “Boo-Hoo.”’

“More dear, I trow, ’twill be to them than the primrose by the river’s brim. And, when you’re at it, manufacture



Pegging Away at a “Normal” Gait

a large 1 for the elephantine, leviathan, mastodonic stupidity of Chinese philosophers, and a microscopic 1 for the last live spot in their stratifying corticle mass. Fashion them in bronze. Dedicate them to the presiding deity of the block and splint worshippers, and lay them reverently at the feet

of the wooden monument of Chinese stupidity. Lock them carefully in a shrine in a certain cave near Paris, lest they be molested by pure intelligence in the search after pure truth."

"Nay, but, how, in that case, can little Wee-Lee and little O-Lee and little Kay-tee get up their twotims and threetims? Undoubtedly, they require the ball-frame and pink splints prescribed for pale thinkers."

"On the contrary, my friend, if their souls are unspotted from the world, they will pluck their own roses from the garden of the gods, and they'll paint the things as they see them for the god of things as they are, who will reap the harvest of sparkling eyes. As the poet saith:

"Oh, teacher, I see a gleaming thought!

Oh, say what may it be?

7x7 are 49 for a *parrot* green was she,"

A cast iron Calvinist."

"I confess, the argument points that way."

"Most certainly. 'Such harmony is in immortal souls, but while this muddy vesture of Chinese philosophy doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.'"

Literary Society

THE Normal Literary Society has met regularly in two divisions in Qu'Appelle Hall, Division I. on Fridays at 4 p.m., and Division II. on Thursdays at the same hour. The programmes have consisted largely of instrumental and vocal music, readings, choruses, "kazoo" bands, and speeches by members of the staff. A feature that aroused much interest was the sketching of Miss Olive Hughes. While we have been late in discovering her talent, her characterizations of the staff, and her portrayal of students in more or less compromising attitudes, have been enjoyed by all. During the month of February, two "At Homes" were held, and these, supplemented by various afternoon teas, ice cream raids, theater parties, and marriage celebrations, have supplied diversions.

Sporting Comment

ATHLETICS have played an important part in the social life of the Normal School this year.

We have been represented in Hockey by two teams, the Girls' and the Boys'.

Both teams have put up good exhibitions of hockey on several occasions and have afforded much enjoyment for the lovers of this winter game.

The teams have demonstrated their ability by having a



- 1.—A miserable, little snapshot of Normal.
- 2.—Using the "Socrawtic" method.
- 3.—A heart that flutters.
- 4.—Searching for two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff.

goodly percentage of wins to their credit.

The following composed the teams:

Girls—Goal, Miss Milburn; Defence, Miss Johnston; Defence, Miss McGregor; Center, Miss Connell; Right Wing, Miss McCordick; Left Wing, Miss Patrick; Rover, Miss Johnston; Spares, Miss J. Tait, Miss J. Owens, Miss M. Owens.

Boys—Goal, Mr. G. Hedley; Defence, L. Weatherby; Defence, D. Walker; Center, H. Riggle; Right Wing, R. J. Penny; Left Wing, H. S. Penny; Spares, F. Oliver, H. Bigelow.

Basketball

The girls of Class II.C, aware of the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," organized a basketball team early in the term.

Two spirited games were played against the University and the Y.W.C.A. The University vs. Normal game was a win for the University. The Y.W.C.A. vs. Normal game was a Normal victory.

Normal Team—Forwards, Miss K. Sillers, Miss M. Tait; Centers, Miss H. Leland, Miss J. Cameron; Guards, Miss A. Kelly, Miss J. McKay.

Nightmare of a Senior



Plucked!



Editor: J. Booth, '19.

THE University Hockey and Basketball teams have been a decided asset to this University during the past few weeks. By defeating the best athletes that Alberta could produce in both games, the students from this institution have placed the status of University sport on a high pedestal. By gaining the right to represent the northern part of Saskatchewan in the finals for the Henderson Cup in Regina, the Hockey team, though defeated, did much toward placing the University and Saskatoon before the people of southern Saskatchewan. A popular winning team is a good advertisement for the institution it represents, inasmuch as it invariably attracts young men and women interested in the physical side of our education. It is human nature to follow the winning colors, and if the students of this University can keep up the good work, they will do much toward filling our halls with the right class of students.

In the two final games at Edmonton and Regina, not a single penalty was drawn with the result that the press of both cities credit the University hockey team with teaching their local teams and supporters that games can be played without resorting to rough tactics. Keep up the good work, Varsity!

The time is not far distant when the Universities of the West will be the centers of sporting interest for the western provinces, just as Harvard, Yale, and others in the States, and Toronto, McGill and Queen's in Eastern Canada have led the way in their respective centers. And why not? A University is primarily an educational institution existing



for the benefit of the people, then why not educate the people physically as well as mentally? The students this year have demonstrated that they can lead the way to clean sport. Let's carry on until the University of Saskatchewan, along with the sister provinces on either side, becomes the center of clean sport for the west.

Hockey

Varsity 4

Quakers 6

The students met the veteran Quakers in the opening game of the City League, and lost a hard fought game. Varsity suffered from stage fright during the first two periods, but came back strong in the last, when they played the Quakers off their feet, but could not overcome the early lead. The Quakers lined up all their old Allan Cup stalwarts, including Koyl, Baker, Pinder, Webb, Garrison, Brehaut and Wilson.

Varsity 9

Pilgrims 2

Quickly recovering from their defeat by the Quakers, Varsity took a fall out of Ernie Lay's Pilgrims to the tune of 9-2. The first period was close, but after that there was nothing to it. Thomson got his gattling gun going with good effect, and pumped in seven of our tallies.

Saskatchewan 2

Alberta 1

Fighting on home ice, with their home rooters behind them, Alberta held our boys much better than in the game in Saskatoon. Thomson scored 2 minutes after face off and again 3 minutes after the face off of the second period. Alberta scored 2 minutes before the end of the second period and excitement was intense. The third period was a riot. The 1200 rooters clamoured for a score and their boys did

everything—but score. Alberta had a slight advantage in this period, but could not get a shot by Croll. The bell rang with everyone in the building at the highest pitch of excitement. Alberta conceded the hockey supremacy to Saskatchewan for this year. Our boys won both games and ended the round with the total of 7 goals to 3 in their favor.

Saskatchewan 5 Edmonton South Side 4

The above team, winners of the northern Alberta championship and winners from the Calgary All Stars in home and home games for provincial honors, challenged our septette, and were defeated in the resulting game by the close score of 5-4. The game was just as close as the score, too. The first period ended 2 all. The second ended 3 all. The opening of the third period saw Varsity away like a released spring. Two goals were tallied in as many minutes, and then things broke loose. Edmonton showered Croll with shots, only one of which found the back of the goal. The last ten minutes of this game was the fastest hockey played by our team this year.

Saskatchewan 4

Pilgrims 5

After returning from Edmonton, Varsity lost a listless game to Pilgrims. The team was fagged and showed effect of too much playing and travelling.

Varsity 6

Pilgrims 5

Showing a complete reversal of form and minus Thomson and Mutch, Varsity trimmed the Pilgrims and thus earned the right to challenge for the Henderson Cup.

Regina 6

Varsity 0

Varsity lost the play-off at Regina, but the game was close and exciting. The first two periods were fast and only two goals were scored. The third period was decidedly Regina's, though in all fairness it must be said the game could not be judged by the score. Varsity simply could not get past the goal tender of the Vic's.

The following men have represented the University during the season: Wilson, Mutch, Thomson, How, Balfour, Leitch, Croll, Taylor, and Lipsett.

Basketball

Inter Varsity Championship

THE Varsity Basketball team, with Mr. Reg Balfour as manager, has added just a little more glory to "Old Sask," by winning the Inter Varsity championship of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The Green and Gold rooters suffered a severe shock on the evening of Saturday, February 21st, when the team wearing the Green and White, defeated their previously undefeated team, to the tune of 27-17. The game was fast and hard all the way although, on account of the heavy checking, the baskets scored were exceedingly few. Stanton was the star player of Alberta, while Ridout and Maguire were the heavy scorers for Saskatchewan.

The line-up was: Saskatchewan—Ridout, Fitzgerald, Maguire, La Berge, Balfour, Parr (spare); Alberta—Stanton, York, Anderson, Bankes, Haegerman.

The return game was played in Saskatoon on March 1st, and Saskatchewan again won out in one of the fastest games of the season.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM



B. Bridgeman
H. English
E. Hartt

A. Staples
L. Barr
R. Russell, Captain

At the end of the first period, the score stood at 18-14 in favor of Saskatchewan.

In the second period Alberta ran wild for a few minutes, and the Green and White supporters began to look anxious, but the Saskatchewan boys came back with a splendid rally, scored basket after basket, and were soon in possession of a good lead, which they maintained, in spite of Alberta's efforts to even up. The game ended with Saskatchewan in the lead by the score of 42-30.

Both teams played an exceptionally fine game, and it is almost impossible to pick out any star players. Saskatchewan won the series by a total score of 69-47.

The University team, by defeating the Y.M.C.A. on Wednesday, March 11th, by a score of 30-25, tied with the Collegiate for first place in the City League. A sudden death game for the championship is to be played in the near future, and the Varsity boys are quite confident of bringing home the bacon.

The inter faculty basketball league, with teams entered from Law, Agriculture, and Arts and Science, is drawing to a close with C.A.S. still in the lead. Some fast games are expected before it is finished, however.

Girls' Basketball

At a meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association, held in February, it was decided to play off only two series of inter-Year basketball games in order to give the University team more time to practice. As a result of the league games, the Seniors won out, both by points and games. This leaves the Seniors with the proud record of having never lost a game throughout their whole University course.

UNIVERSITY GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM



R. Russell, Manager	M. Gardiner	N. Railton
B. Bridgeman	E. Hartt, Captain	C. Sinton

The University team was not re-organized until February, on account of the quarantine. Miss Rhoda Russell was elected manager and Miss Edith M. Hartt re-elected captain. Several games were played with the Y.W.C.A. and the Normal School, resulting each time in a score for the University team.

But the best game of the season was played in Edmonton against the girls of the University of Alberta. It proved a most exciting and closely contested game, resulting in a score of 22-17 in favor of the Alberta team. The victory was due to the superior combination of the latter.

A splendid attitude of good fellowship was shown by the Alberta students, both during the game and throughout our brief visit. The return game will be played some time during March.

We feel the handicap of being without a coach, and hope that next year the University may be able to secure Miss Crawford's whole time for this important branch of University work.—*E.M.H.* '19.

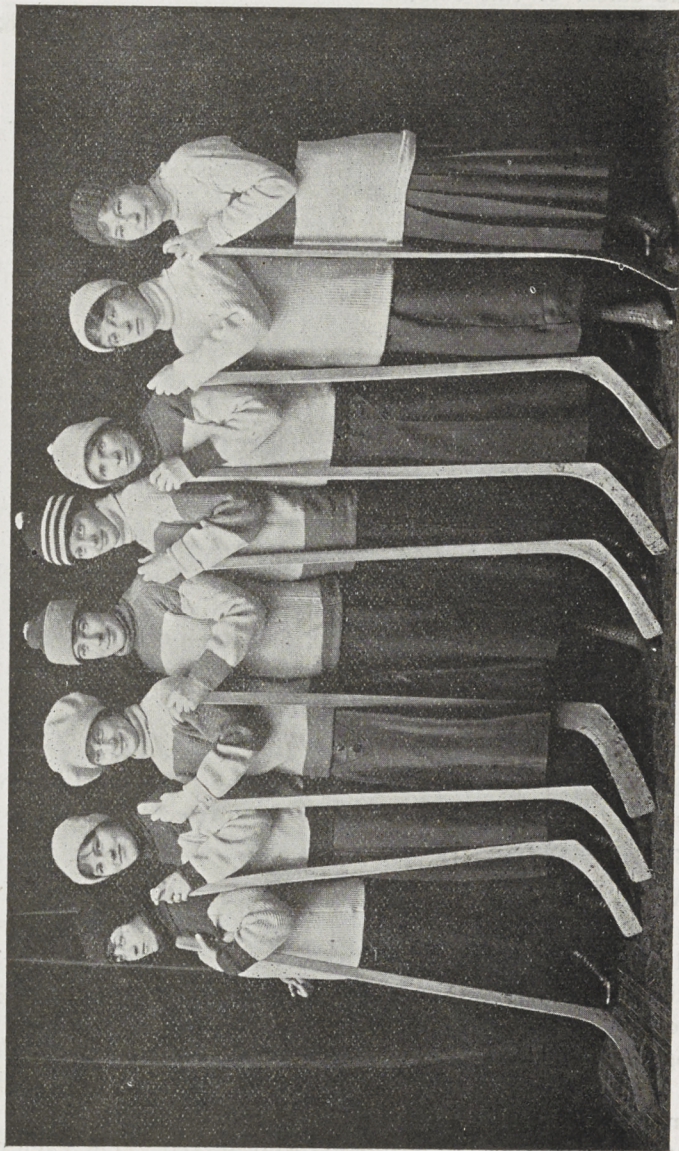
Athletic Briefs

Two inter-University championships, with the third still undecided, is a pretty good record for one year.

How about that covered rink? The time for the new Directorate to act is *now*, before they leave this term.

How about a field day with Alberta and Manitoba next fall? Think it over, Mr. Member of the Directorate, and then get busy during the summer and negotiate.

What happened at Edmonton, girls? Was the trip too Romantic?



T. Murray (Wing) I. Lawless (Spare) I. Johnston (Wing) E. Hartt (Goal) E. Anderson (Point) A. Staples (Center) A. Robinson (Cover Point) A. McKay (Rover)

The editor of this column has discovered some excellent material for a swimming carnival, especially for the diving events.

We have some "pool sharks" about the institution! That's a deep one!

A parting word to our successors—remember the honors attained by the Green and White this year; then, carry on!

Literary Society

THE Literary Society during 1918-19 has been able to hold its own among the various activities of the University, in spite of much handicap. Owing to Spanish influenza, only one meeting was held during the Christmas term. This, together, with the loss by death of John Fraser, M.A., the President of the Society, dealt a great blow to all its activities.

The meeting held on November 16th, 1918, was restricted to those in residence, owing to quarantine. The programme was an excellent one, and the extract from "Midsummer Night's Dream" was especially appreciated.

At the beginning of the Spring term, Mr. A. B. C. Douthwaite was elected President, and Mr. G. B. Bodman, Financial Secretary. On January 31st, 1919, a meeting was held, taking the form of a grand concert. Twelve items were given by various members of the Society, the features of the programme being a series of "Lightning Sketches," by Miss W. Hughes, and a play, entitled "Reminiscences of a Bachelor," in which Mr. J. Booth acquitted himself skillfully. During the interval, refreshments were served. The evening was enjoyed by an audience of over two hundred and fifty.



G. Rogers P. H. Maguire Miss E. Hall G. B. Bodman S. H. Vigor J. Graham
 (2nd Vice Pres.) (C.A.S. Rep.) (Theol. and Law Rep.) (Fin. Sec'y) 3rd Vice Pres.) (1st Vice Pres.)
 Miss K. Prescott Miss E. Hartt A. B. C. Douthwaite Prof. S. Basterfield Miss C. Sinton Miss E. Perley
 (Ladies' Rep.) (Historian) (President) (Hon. President) (4th Vice Pres.) (Corr. Sec'y)

On February 28th a meeting was held, taking the form of the Inter-College Debate, Emmanuel vs. Agriculture. During the interval between the debate and the announcement of the judges' decision, items were rendered by members of the Society. At this meeting, according to the constitution, officers were nominated for the year 1919-1920, and on Friday, March 14th, the elections returned the following:

Honorary President—Dr. Wilson.
President—Mr. E. Moss.
First Vice-President—Miss C. Sinton.
Second Vice-President—Mr. Cunningham.
Third Vice-President—Mr. G. F. Boyd.
Fourth Vice-President—Miss K. Prescott.
Financial Secretary—Mr. Freeman.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss K. Newnham.
Historian—Miss W. Hughes.
C.A.S.—Mr. Yatchu.
Theol. and Law—Mr. A. R. Nash.
Agro and Eng.—Mr. G. F. Boyd.
Ladies—Miss W. Shiel.

On Friday, March 21st, the oratorical contest will be held, there being three contestants. A meeting is arranged for the end of March, at which the Orchestral Society will take charge.

Owing to the frequency of functions and other meetings, the number of evenings given over to the Literary Society has been few, but we feel convinced that this has been made up in the quality of the programmes arranged, and look forward to the next year, when, without interruption or handicap, the "Lit" may pursue the even tenor of its way. It is to be hoped that the same spirit of hearty co-operation which has been manifest during the past year, may be shown to the officers for the coming year.

Mr. S——h (discussing Spanish flu): "I suppose you found it affected your head quite a lot, Miss ——?"



B. Cairns (Com.)	E. Perley (Com.)	H. English (Com.)	Prof. A. Morton (Hon. President)	L. Gruchy (Com.)	O. Knott (Com.)
	K. Prescott (Secretary-Treasurer)	G. W. Simpson (President)	R. Russell (Vice President)		

The Historical Association

ALTHOUGH it is scarcely three years since the University Historical Association was organized, it has, during its short existence, developed into one of the most enterprising societies of the University. It has, at present, almost sixty members, and the interest taken by the student body as a whole in the work of the Society, has been shown by the splendid attendance at all the meetings held during the term.

Throughout the period of quarantine, meetings were held for the students in Residence, excellent programmes, which were provided, proving a source of benefit and pleasure. Since the beginning of the New Year, four meetings have been held. An account of the "Irish Night" appeared in the last issue of the *Sheaf*. On February 15th, the S.R.C. and the Historical Society held a joint meeting in Convocation Hall. The chief feature of the evening was a debate between the College of Arts and Science and the College of Law, the subject being, "Resolved that the complete nationalization of Canadian Railways is in the best interests of the country." The affirmative was supported by Mr. Neeley and Miss Sinton, representing the College of Arts and Science, the negative by Mr. Diefenbaker and Mr. Hall, for the College of Law.

A programme consisting of selections by the University Orchestra and the "Rah-Rah" Club, and an interesting paper by Miss Gruchy on, "The Origin of Railways" was carried out while the judges were making their decision. Professor Morton and Dr. Sharrard entertained the audience with a number of interesting stories in the interval of waiting. The judge's decision in favor of the affirmative was announced by Dr. Weir, after which the evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

On February 27th, a joint meeting of the Normal School, University and the Senior Form of the Collegiate was held.

Owing to illness, Dr. Wilson, who had arranged to address the Society, was unable to be present. Mr. Asselstine of the Normal School very kindly agreed to take his place and gave an interesting talk on "Why we study History." His address was followed by a talk on "Methods of Teaching History," by Mr. Seeley of the Collegiate. The subjects of both addresses were of particular interest and, when dealt with by such capable speakers as Mr. Asselstine and Mr. Seeley, had an additional value.

The final meeting of the year was held on March 18th in Convocation Hall. For the occasion, the Normal School, Collegiate Institute and University combined. Professor Chester Martin, of the University of Manitoba, who is recognized as one of the ablest historians in Canada, gave an inspiring address on "The Role of the British Empire." This meeting had been planned for last fall, but, owing to the epidemic of influenza, had to be postponed. Those who were so fortunate as to hear Professor Martin's address, feel that it was worth waiting for, and the Association feels extremely grateful to Professor Martin for coming from Winnipeg to speak. Previous to the address, a programme was given consisting of selections by the University Orchestra, a reading by Miss Rutter of the Collegiate, solos by Mrs. Sherry and Mr. Douthwaite, readings by Miss Massey, Mr. Smith and Mr. Basterfield. At the conclusion of Professor Martin's address, Mr. Seeley of the Collegiate and Mr. Asselstine of the Normal School spoke briefly in appreciation. Dr. Manning sang, "Red are the Roses of England," and Miss Woodcock of the Normal School gave a reading.

Pressure of work and approaching examinations make it necessary for the activities of the Association to cease for this year, but it is hoped nothing will prevent the carrying out of quite as successful a programme of work next year, as that which has just been completed.—*K.F.P.*

Question.—Why can't a bicycle stand alone?

Answer.—Because it is two tired.

Choral Society

THIS society was reorganized soon after the opening of the second term, and enrolled about 50 voices.

It was decided to carry on the choir work for Sunday services and to arrange for a recital during March, if possible. This latter desire could not be met, however, because of the shortening of the College year by quarantine, and the increased amount of work thus thrown into the last term.

The Sunday service work has again proven a very important phase of the Choral Society's activities, and the practices for this work have provided much training and no small amount of pleasure.

A meeting is being held in the near future to organize for next year, and we hope that then, as in the past, the neighboring cities will learn of the University through hearing its Choral Society perform

The members of the chorus take this opportunity to extend their thanks to the Conductor, Dr. Manning, who, for the past three years, has given his time and interest so willingly to this work.—*J. F. Booth.*

Exchanges

IN the January copy of the *Managra*, we find an extremely interesting description of "The Travels of Sinbad, the Soldier." For the benefit of our readers, we will quote a few lines of it:

"Having wandered upon the face of the Earth for 1 score years and 5, I did, in the course of my travels, come unto a strange land, wherein dwelt a strange people who did dig unto themselves holes, and ditches, wherein they did live.

"The food that these people did eat was passing strange, indeed. There were divided amongst them certain small

cakes called hard tack, wondrously hard and of great durability. Also they did eat a strange substance called Bully Beef, which at first did seem passing fair, but on much repetition groweth loathsome, indeed. Yea, and they did drink a strange greasy fluid, called tea, and did smack their lips saying, 'Ugh, ugh, ugh.' One dish, there was, of which none knew the secret, save the priest, whom they called 'cook.' He, it was, who named it 'Mulligan,' but durst not say what manner of thing was therein, lest the men of the tribe rise up and slay him, and appoint unto themselves a new priest.

"And, behold, as I did converse with these men, there came a whizzing in the air, and the earth round about—yea, and even I—rose up and departed, knowing not how nor why I went."

There is an interesting advertisement in *The Varsity*, entitled, "Leaders Wanted." It is rather too long for an ad, and we'll, therefore, shorten it, for lack of space. The following lines will do:

Leaders Wanted

"Leaders, real, genuine *Leaders* are always wanted. Leaders have always been essential in every sphere of life. But at no time were leaders more essential, at no time were leaders of more vital importance, more indispensable, than right *Now*.

"In view of all these facts, undergraduates of the University of Toronto, as well as of all the other institutions of learning, ought to appreciate the full significance of the present situation. It is now as was never before, the Duty of every student to make the very best out of his studies in order that upon graduation he shall be highly qualified to answer the call of his Country—Leaders Wanted!"

Do they mean us, too, my dear brethren, from the Universitas Saskatchewanensis?

However, we seem to have fallen into that mood of "high seriousness," so much praised by Matthew Arnold, and so heartily detested by the younger men and women. We shall, therefore, close our Exchanges with two stanzas of a so-to-speak mathematical poem, found in the *Managra*, and entitled, "Oh, Joy!"

Oh, Joy!

I often sit and medit8,
 Upon the scurvy brick of F8,
 That keeps me still a celib8,
 Oh, cruel F8!

I want a ioder maid, sed8,
 To love me, and to be my m8.
 My love for her will be so gr8,
 I cannot w8.

Prof. D—— (at Agro banquet, to one of the maids):
 "You haven't served the last course yet, have you?"

Maid: "Well, no—I guess we'll have to change the plates first."

Prof. D——: "Well, I want a whole platter-full."

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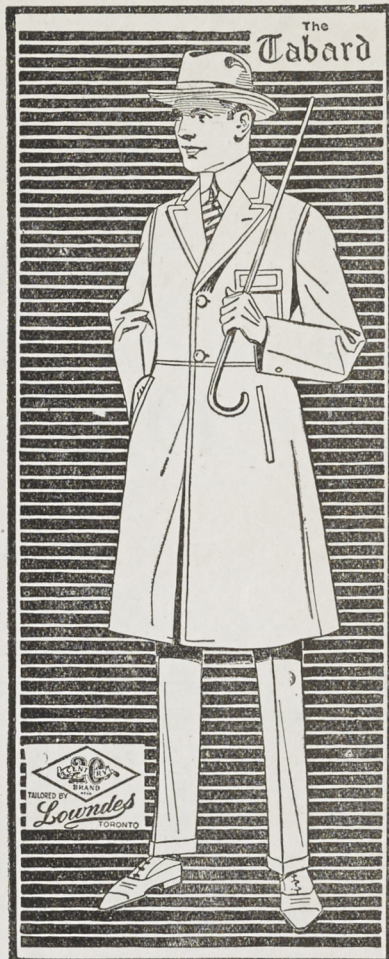
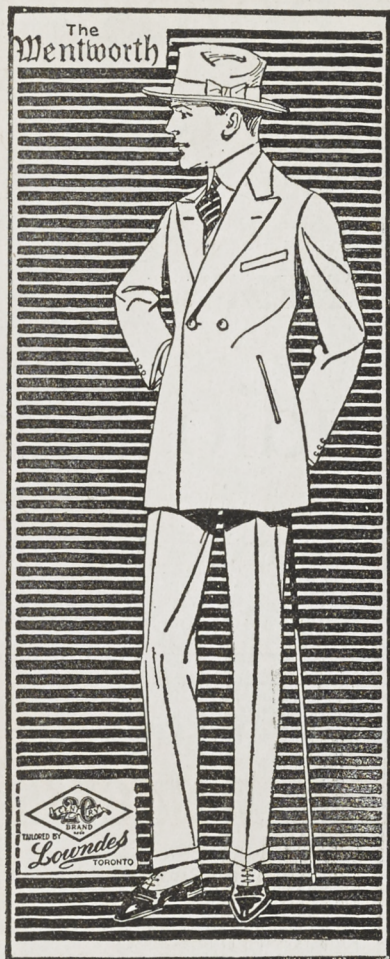
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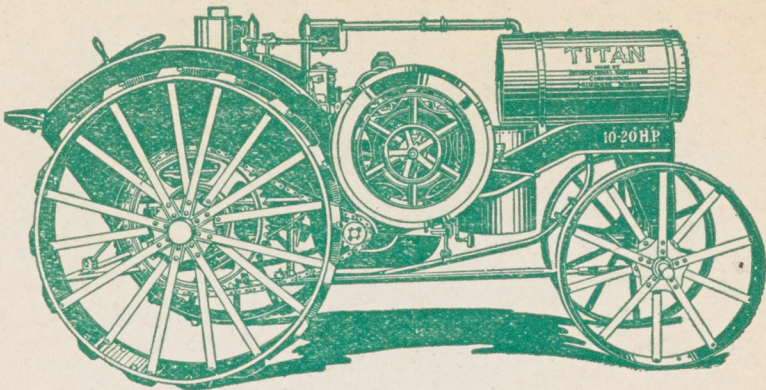
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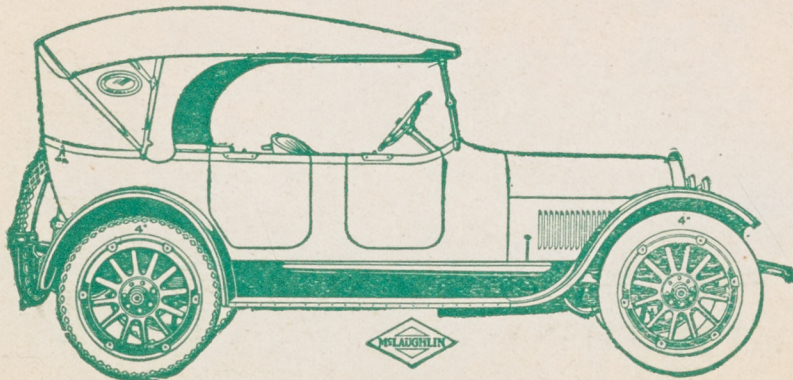
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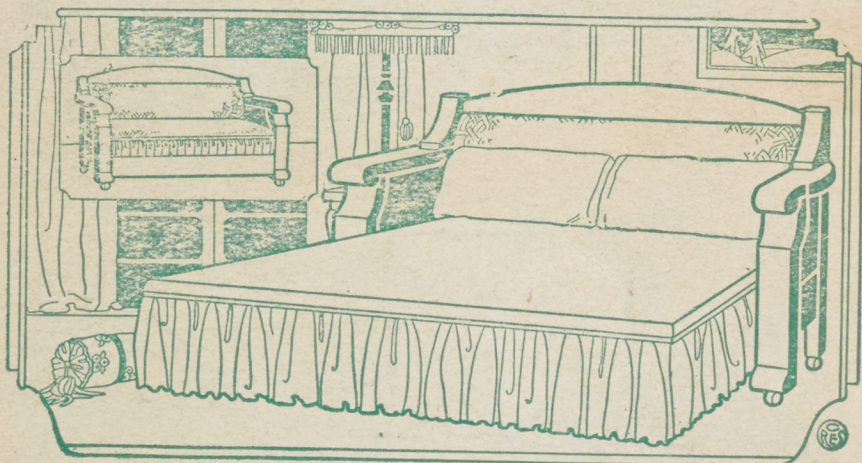
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